

THE
WORKS
OF
JOHN SHEFFIELD,
EARL of MULGRAVE,
MARQUIS of NORMANBY,
AND
DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

—*Nec Phœbo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

VIRG.

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M.DCC.LIII.

THE
WORKS
OF
JOHN WHELFIELD
BISHOP OF LINCOLN
IN THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

By
JOHN WHELFIELD
BISHOP OF LINCOLN
IN THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
By
JOHN WHELFIELD
BISHOP OF LINCOLN
IN THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

TO
THE MEMORY OF
JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

THESE

HIS MORE LASTING REMAINS,
(THE MONUMENT OF HIS MIND,
AND MORE PERFECT IMAGE OF
HIMSELF)

ARE HERE COLLECTED BY THE DIRECTION OF
CATHARINE his DUCHESS :

DESIROUS THAT HIS ASHES MAY BE HONOURED,
AND HIS FAME AND MERIT COMMITTED
TO THE TEST OF
TIME, TRUTH, AND POSTERITY.

TO THE
THE MEMOIR OF
JOHN W. CHESTER
DICK OF BUCKINGHAM
THE
HIS MORE LASTING REMAINS
(THE MOVEMENT OF THE MIND)
AND HOW TEXT AT THE
HIMSELF
AND HOW COMBINED AT THE
CATHARINE DE DICKENS
DESIGNED THAT THE AGENT MAY BE BOUND
AND HOW IN THE COMMISSION
TO THE TEXT OF
THAT TRUTH AND JUSTICE

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS,

Concerning his GRACE, and his WRITINGS.

Earl of ROSCOMMON, Essay on Translated Verse.

HAPPY that author! whose correct * *essay*
Repairs so well our old HORATIAN way.

DRYDEN, *Abfalom and Achitophel.*

Sharp-judging ADRIEL, the muses friend,
Himself a muse—In *Sanbedrin's* debate,
True to his prince, but not a slave of state.

DRYDEN, *Verses to Lord ROSCOMMON.*

How will sweet OVID's ghost be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an *English* peer?
Now he embellishes his HELEN's love,
Out-does in softness, and his sense improves;

DRYDEN, *Preface to VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.*

“ YOUR *Essay on Poetry*, which was published
“ without a name, and of which I was not ho-

* *Essay on Poetry.*

“noured with the confidence, I read over and over,
 “with much delight, and as much instruction;
 “and, without flattering you, or making myself
 “more moral than I am, not without some envy,
 “I was loth to be informed how an epic poem
 “should be written, or how a tragedy should be
 “contriv’d and manag’d, in better verse, and with
 “more judgment, than I could teach others.

“I gave the unknown author his due commen-
 “dation, I must confess: but who can answer for
 “me, and for the rest of the poets who heard me
 “read the poem, whether we should not have been
 “better pleased, to have seen our own names at
 “the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we com-
 “mended it the more, that we might seem to be
 “above the censure, &c.”

DRYDEN, *Ibid.*

“THIS is but doing justice to my country; part
 “of which honour will reflect on your lordship;
 “whose thoughts are always just, your numbers
 “harmonious, your words chosen, your expres-
 “sions strong and manly, your verse flowing, and
 “your turns as happy as they are easy. If you
 “would set us more copies, your example would
 “make all precepts needless. In the mean time,
 “that little you have writ is owned, and that par-
 “ticularly by the poets (who are a nation not
 “over-lavish of praise to their contemporaries) as
 “a par-

“ a particular ornament of our language : but the
 “ sweetest essences are always confined in the
 “ smallest glasses.”

DRYDEN, *Dedication to AURENGEZEB.*

How great and manly in your lordship, is your contempt of popular applause ; and your retired virtue, which shines only to a few ; with whom you live so easily and freely, that you make it evident, you have a soul which is capable of all the tenderness of friendship, and that you only retire yourself from those, who are not capable of returning it ! Your kindness, where you have once plac'd it, is inviolable : and 'tis to that only I attribute my happiness in your love. This makes me more easily forsake an argument, on which I could otherwise delight to dwell : I mean your judgment in your choice of friends ; because I have the honour to be one. After which, I am sure you will more easily permit me to be silent, in the care you have taken of my fortune ; which you have rescu'd, not only from the power of others, but from my worst of enemies, my own modesty and laziness. Which favour, had it been employ'd on a more deserving subject, had been an effect of justice in your nature ; but as plac'd on me, is only charity. Yet withal, 'tis conferred on such a man, as prefers your kindness itself, before any of its consequences ; and who values, as the greatest of your favours,

A 4

those

those of your love, and of your conversation. From this constancy to your friends, I might reasonably assume, that your resentments would be as strong and lasting, if they were not restrained by a nobler principle of good-nature and generosity. For certainly, 'tis the same composition of mind, the same resolution and courage, which makes the greatest friendships, and the greatest enmities. To this firmness in all your actions (tho' you are wanting in no other ornaments of mind and body, yet to this) I principally ascribe the interest your merits have acquir'd you in the royal family. A prince, who is constant to himself, and steady in all his undertakings; one with whom the character of HORACE will agree.

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ,*

Such a one cannot but place an esteem, and repose a confidence on him, whom no adversity, no change of courts, no bribery of interest, or cabal of factions, or advantages of fortune, can remove from the solid foundations of honour and fidelity.

*Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit, ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.*

How well your lordship will deserve that praise, I need no inspiration to foretel. You have already left no room for prophecy: your early undertakings have been such, in the service of your king and country, when you offer'd yourself to the most dangerous employment,

employment, that of the sea : when you chose to abandon those delights, to which your youth and fortune did invite you, to undergo the hazards, and, which was worse, the company of common seamen ; that you have made it evident, you will refuse no opportunity of rendring yourself useful to the nation, when either your courage or conduct shall be required.

Bishop BURNET, *Preface to Sir T. MORE's Utopia.*

OUR language is now certainly properer and more natural than it was formerly, chiefly since the correction that was given by the *Rehearsal* : and it is to be hoped that the *Essay on Poetry*, which may be well match'd with the best pieces of its kind that even AUGUSTUS's age produced, will have a more powerful operation ; if clear sense, joined with home, but gentle reproofs, can work more on our writers, than that unmerciful exposing of them has done.

ADDISON, *Spectator*, N^o 253.

WE have three poems in our tongue, which are of the same nature, and each of them a master-piece in its kind : the *Essay on Translated Verse*, the *Essay on Poetry*, and the *Essay on Criticism*.

Lord LANSDOWN, *Essay on Unnatural Flights*, &c.
 ROSCOMMON first, then MULGRAVE rose, like light,
 To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight :
 With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
 They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds.

The

The STAGYRITE and HORACE laid aside,
 Inform'd by them we need no foreign guide :
 Who seek from poetry a lasting name,
 May from their lessons learn the road to fame.

PRIOR, *Alma, Cant. 2.*

Happy the poet ! blest the lays !
 Which BUCKINGHAM has deign'd to praise.

GARTH, *Dispensary.*

Now Tyber's streams no courtly GALLUS see,
 But smiling Thames enjoys his NORMANBY.

POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

Yet some there were among the sounder few,
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.
 Such was the muse, whose rules and practice tell,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well.

POPE, *Miscellanies.*

Muse, 'tis enough ; at length thy labour ends :
 And thou shalt live ; for BUCKINGHAM commends.
 Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
 Let D—s write, and nameless numbers rail.
 This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
 Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain :
 SHEFFIELD approves ; consenting PHOEBUS bends ;
 And I and malice from this hour are friends.

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THE
T E M P L E
O F
D E A T H.

In Imitation of the F R E N C H.

VOL. I.

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D E A T H

In imitation of the French

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THE
T E M P L E
O F
D E A T H.

I N those cold climates, where the Sun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears;
A dismal vale lies in a desert isle,
On which indulgent heav'n did never smile.
There a thick grove of aged cypress trees,
Which none without an awful horror sees,
Into its wither'd arms, depriv'd of leaves,
Whole flocks of ill-prefaging birds receives.
Poisons are all the plants that soil will bear,
And winter is the only season there.
Millions of graves o'erspread the spacious field,
And springs of blood a thousand rivers yield;
Whose streams, oppress'd with carcases and bones,
Instead of gentle murmurs, pour forth groans.

Within this vale a famous temple stands,
Old as the world itself, which it commands;

4 THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

Round is its figure ; and four iron gates
Divide mankind, by order of the fates.
Thither, in crouds, come to one common grave
The young, the old, the monarch, and the slave.
Old age and pains, those evils man deplores,
Are rigid keepers of th' eternal doors ;
All clad in mournful blacks, which sadly load
The sacred walls of this obscure abode :
And tapers, of a pitchy substance made,
With clouds of smoke increase the dismal shade.

A monster void of reason and of sight,
The goddess is, who sways this realm of night :
Her pow'r extends o'er all things that have breath,
A cruel tyrant, and her name is *Death*.
The fairest object of our wond'ring eyes
Was newly offer'd up her sacrifice ;
Th' adjoining places where the altar stood,
Yet blushing with the fair ALMERIA's blood.
When griev'd ORONTES, whose unhappy flame
Is known to all who e'er converse with fame,
His mind possess'd by fury and despair,
Within the sacred temple made this prayer :

Great deity ! who in thy hands do'st bear
That iron scepter which poor mortals fear ;
Who, wanting eyes thyself, respectest none,
And neither spar'st the laurel, nor the crown !
O thou, whom all mankind in vain withstand,
Each of whose blood must one day stain thy hand !

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH. 5

O thou, who ev'ry eye that sees the light,
 Closest for ever in the shades of night !
 Goddess, attend, and hearken to my grief,
 To which thy pow'r alone can give relief.
 Alas ! I ask not to defer my fate,
 But wish my hapless life a shorter date ;
 And that the earth would in its bowels hide
 A wretch, whom heav'n invades on ev'ry side :
 That from the sight of day I could remove,
 And might have nothing left me but my love.

Thou only comforter of minds oppress'd ;
 The port where weary'd spirits are at rest ;
 Conductor to *Elysium*, take my life ;
 My breast I offer to thy sacred knife :
 So just a grace refuse not, nor despise
 A willing, tho' a worthless sacrifice.
 Others (their frail and mortal state forgot)
 Before thy altars are not to be brought
 Without constraint ; the noise of dying rage,
 Heaps of the slain of ev'ry sex and age,
 The blade all reeking in the gore it shed,
 With sever'd heads and arms confus'dly spread ;
 The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,
 The groans of wretches ready to expire :
 This tragic scene in terror makes them live,
 Till that is forc'd, which they should freely give ;
 Yielding unwillingly what heav'n will have,
 Their fears eclipse the glory of their grave :

6 THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

Before thy face they make indecent moan,
 And feel a hundred deaths in fearing one:
 Thy flame becomes unhallow'd in their breast,
 And he a murderer, who was a priest,
 But against me thy strongest forces call,
 And on my head let all the tempest fall;
 No mean retreat shall any weakness show,
 But calmly I'll expect the fatal blow;
 My limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
 Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear.
 Think not that time, our wonted sure relief,
 That universal cure for ev'ry grief,
 Whose aid so many lovers oft have found,
 With like success can ever heal my wound:
 Too weak the pow'r of nature, or of art,
 Nothing but death can ease a broken heart.
 And that thou may'st behold my helpless state,
 Learn the extremest rigour of my fate.

Amidst th' innumerable beauteous train,
Paris, the queen of cities, does contain,
 (The fairest town, the largest, and the best)
 The fair *ALMERIA* shin'd above the rest.
 From her bright eyes to feel a hopeless flame,
 Was of our youth the most ambitious aim;
 Her chains were marks of honour to the brave,
 She made a prince whene'er she made a slave,
 Love, under whose tyrannic pow'r I groan,
 Shew'd me this beauty e'er 'twas fully blown;

Her

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH. 7

Her tim'rous charms, and her unpractis'd look,
 Their first assurance from my conquest took ;
 By wounding me she learn'd the fatal art,
 And the first sigh she had was from my heart :
 My eyes with tears moist'ning her snowy arms,
 Render'd the tribute owing to her charms.
 But, as I soonest of all mortals paid
 My vows, and to her beauty altars made ;
 So, among all those slaves that sigh'd in vain,
 She thought me only worthy of my chain.
 Love's heavy burden my submissive heart
 Endur'd not long, before she bore her part ;
 My vi'lent flame melted her frozen breast,
 And in soft sighs her pity she express'd ;
 Her gentle voice allay'd my raging pains,
 And her fair hands sustain'd me in my chains :
 Ev'n tears of pity waited on my moan,
 And tender looks were cast on me alone.
 My hopes and dangers were less mine than hers,
 Those fill'd her soul with joys, and these with fears ;
 Our hearts, united, had the same desires,
 And both alike burn'd with impatient fires.
 Too faithful memory ! I give thee leave
 Thy wretched master kindly to deceive ;
 Oh, make me not possessor of her charms,
 Let me not find her languish in my arms ;
 Past joys are now my fancy's mournful themes ;
 Make all my happy nights appear but dreams ;

8 THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

Let not such bliss before my eyes be brought ;
O hide those scenes from my tormenting thought ;
And in their place disdainful beauty shew ;
If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so :
And, something to abate my deep despair,
O let her seem less gentle, or less fair.
But I in vain flatter my wounded mind ;
Never was nymph so lovely, or so kind :
No cold repulses my desires suppress'd ;
I seldom sigh'd, but on ALMERIA's breast :
Of all the passions which mankind destroy,
I only felt excess of love and joy :
Unnumber'd pleasures charm'd my sense, and they
Were, as my love, without the least alloy.
As pure, alas ! but not so sure to last,
For, like a pleasing dream, they are all past.
From heav'n her beauties like fierce lightnings came
Which break thro' darkness with a glorious flame ;
Awhile they shine, awhile our minds amaze,
Our wondring eyes are dazzled with the blaze ;
But thunder follows, whose resistless rage
None can withstand, and nothing can assuage ;
And all that light which those bright flashes gave,
Serves only to conduct us to our grave.

When I had just begun love's joys to taste,
(Those full rewards for fears and dangers past)
A fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought
The richest work that ever nature wrought.

All

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH. 9

All things below, alas! uncertain stand;
The firmest rocks are fix'd upon the sand:
Under this law both kings and kingdoms bend,
And no beginning is without an end.
A sacrifice to time, fate dooms us all,
And at the tyrant's feet we daily fall:
Time, whose bold hand will bring alike to dust
Mankind, and temples too in which they trust.

Her wasted spirits now begin to faint,
Yet patience ties her tongue from all complaint,
And in her heart as in a fort remains;
But yields at last to her resistless pains.
Thus while the fever, am'rous of his prey,
Through all her veins makes his delightful way,
Her fate's like SEMELE's; the flames destroy
That beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming face is in its spring decay'd,
Pale grow the roses, and the lilies fade;
Her skin has lost that lustre which surpass'd
The sun's, and well deserv'd as long to last:
Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardest hearts,
Are now disarm'd of all their flames and darts;
Those stars now heavily and slowly move;
And sickness triumphs in the throne of love.
The fever ev'ry moment more prevails,
Its rage her body feels, and tongue bewails:
She, whose disdain so many lovers prove,
Sighs now for torment, as they sigh for love,

And

10 THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

And with loud cries, which rend the neighb'ring air,
Wounds my sad heart, and wakens my despair.
Both men and gods I charge now with my loss,
And, wild with grief, my thoughts each other cross,
My heart and tongue labour in both extremes,
This sends up humble pray'rs, while that blasphemes :

I ask their help, whose malice I defy,
And mingle sacrilege with piety.
But, that which must yet more perplex my mind,
To love her truly, I must seem unkind :
So unconcern'd a face my sorrow wears,
I must restrain unruly floods of tears.
My eyes and tongue put on dissembling forms,
I shew a calmness in the midst of storms ;
I seem to hope when all my hopes are gone,
And almost dead with grief, discover none.
But who can long deceive a loving eye,
Or with dry eyes behold his mistress die ?
When passion had with all its terrors brought
Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought,
Off on a sudden fell the forc'd disguise,
And shew'd a sighing heart in weeping eyes :
My apprehensions, now no more confin'd,
Expos'd my sorrows, and betray'd my mind.
The fair afflicted soon perceives my tears,
Explains my sighs, and thence concludes my fears :
With

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH. II

With sad presages of her hopeless case,
She reads her fate in my dejected face ;
Then feels my torment, and neglects her own,
While I am sensible of hers alone ;
Each does the others burthen kindly bear,
I fear her death, and she bewails my fear :
Tho' thus we suffer under fortune's darts,
'Tis only those of love which reach our hearts.

Mean while the fever mocks at all our fears,
Grows by our sighs, and rages at our tears :
Those vain effects of our as vain desire,
Like wind and oil, increase the fatal fire.

ALMERIA then, feeling the destinies
About to shut her lips, and close her eyes ;
Weeping, in mine fix'd her fair trembling hand,
And with these words I scarce could understand,
Her passion in a dying voice express'd
Half, and her sighs, alas ! made out the rest.

'Tis past ; this pang — nature gives o'er the strife ;
Thou must thy mistress lose, and I my life.
I die ; but dying thine, the fates may prove
Their conquest over me, but not my love :
Thy memory, my glory, and my pain,
In spite of death itself shall still remain.
Dearest ORONTES, my hard fate denies,
That hope is the last thing which in us dies :
From my griev'd breast all those soft thoughts are fled,
And love survives it tho' my hope is dead ;

12. THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

I yield my life, but keep my passion yet,
And can all thoughts, but of ORONTES, quit;
My flame increaseth as my strength decays;
Death, which puts out the light, the heat will raise:
That still remains, tho' I from hence remove;
I lose my lover, but I keep my love,

The sigh which sent forth that last tender word,
Up tow'ards the heavens like a bright meteor soar'd;
And the kind nymph not yet bereft of charms,
Fell cold and breathless in her lover's arms.

Goddeſs, who now my fate haſt underſtood,
Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood:
Here let me end the ſtory of my cares;
My diſmal grief enough the reſt declares.
Judge thou by all this miſery diſplay'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy aid:
Thus to ſurvive, reproaches on me draws;
Never ſad wiſhes had ſo juſt a cauſe.

Come then, my only hope; in ev'ry place
Thou viſiteſt, men tremble at thy face,
And fear thy name: once let thy fatal hand
Fall on a ſwain that does the blow demand.
Vouchſafe thy dart; I need not one of thoſe,
With which thou do'ſt unwilling kings depoſe:
A welcome death the ſlighteſt wound can bring,
And free a ſoul already on her wing.
Without thy aid, moſt miſerable I
Muſt ever wiſh, yet not obtain to die.

O D E

ODE on LOVE.

I.

LET others songs or fatires write,
 Provok'd by *Vanity* or *Spite*;
 My muse a nobler cause shall move,
 To sound aloud the praise of *Love*:

That gentle, yet resistless heat,
 Which raises men to all things good and great:
 While other passions of the mind
 To low brutality debase mankind,
 By love we are above ourselves refin'd. }
 Oh love, thou trance divine! in which the soul,
 Unclogg'd with worldly cares, may range without
 controul;
 And soaring to her heav'n, from thence inspir'd can
 teach
 High mysteries, above poor reason's feeble reach.

II.

To weak old age *Prudence* some aid may prove }
 And curb those appetites that faintly move;
 But wild, impetuous youth is tam'd by nothing }
 less than love.

Of men too rough for peace, too rude for arts,
 Love's pow'r can penetrate the hardest hearts;

And

14 SONGS AND VERSES.

And through the closest pores a passage find,
 Like that of light, to shine all o'er the mind,
 The want of love does both extremes produce;
 Maids are too nice, and men as much too loose;
 While equal good an am'rous couple find,
 She makes him constant, and he makes her kind.
 New charms in vain a lover's faith would prove;
 Hermits or bed-rid men they'll sooner move:
 The fair inveigler will but sadly find,
 There's no such eunuch as a man in love.
 But when by his chaste nymph embrac'd,
 (For love makes all embraces chaste)
 Then the-transported creature can
 Do wonders, and is more than man.
 Both heav'n and earth would our desires confine;
 But yet in vain both heav'n and earth combine,
 Unless where love blesses the great design. }
Hymen makes fast the hand, but love the heart;
 He the fool's god, thou nature's *Hymen* art;
 Whose laws once broke, we are not held by force,
 But the false breach itself is a divorce.

III.

For love the miser will his gold despise,
 The false grow faithful, and the foolish wise;
 Cautious the young, and complaisant the old,
 The cruel gentle, and the coward bold.

Thou

Thou glorious sun within our souls,
 Whose influence so much controuls;
 Ev'n dull and heavy lumps of love,
 Quicken'd by thee, more lively move;
 And if their heads but any substance hold,
 Love ripens all that dross into the purest gold.

In heav'n's great work thy part is such,
 That master-like thou giv'st the last great touch.

To heaven's own master-piece of man;
 And finishest what nature but began :
 Thy happy stroke can into softness bring
Reason, that rough and wrangling thing.

From childhood upwards we decay,
 And grow but greater children ev'ry day :
 So, reason, how can we be said to rise?
 So many cares attend the being wise,
 'Tis rather falling down a precipice.
 From *Sense* to *Reason* unimprov'd we move;
 We only then advance, when *Reason* turns to *Love*.

IV.

Thou reignest o'er our earthly gods;
 Uncrown'd by thee, their other crowns are loads;
 One beauty's smile their meanest courtier brings
 Rather to pity than to envy kings;
 His fellow slaves he takes them now to be,
 Favour'd by love perhaps much less than he,
 For love, the tim'rous bashful maid,
 Of nothing but denying is afraid ;

For

16 SONGS AND VERSES.

For love she overcomes her shame,
Forfakes her fortune, and forgets her fame;
Yet, if but with a constant lover blest,
Thanks heav'n for that, and never minds the rest.

V.

Love is the salt of life ; a higher taste
It gives to pleasure, and then makes it last.
Those slighted favours which cold nymphs dispense,
Mere common counters of the sense,
Defective both in mettle and in measure,
A lover's fancy coins into a treasure.
How vast the subject ! what a boundless store
Of bright ideas, shining all before
The muses fight, forbids me to give o'er !
But the kind god incites us various ways,
And now I find him all my ardour raise,
His precepts to perform, as well as praise.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

TO THE

Duchess of R-----.

THOU lovely slave to a rude husband's will,
By nature us'd so well, by him so ill !

For all that grief we see your mind endure,
Your glass presents you with a pleasing cure.
Those maids you envy for their happier state,
To have your form, would gladly have your fate ;
And of like slavery each wife complains,
Without such beauty's help to bear her chains.
Husbands like him we ev'ry-where may see ?
But where can we behold a wife like thee ?

While to a tyrant you by fate are ty'd,
By love you tyrannize o'er all beside:
Those eyes, tho' weeping, can no pity move ;
Worthy our grief ! more worthy of our love !
You, while so fair (do fortune what she please)
Can be no more in pain, than we at ease :
Unless, unsatisfied with all our vows,
Your vain ambition so unbounded grows,
That you repine a husband should escape
Th' united force of such a face and shape.

C

If

18 SONGS AND VERSES.

If so, alas! for all those charming pow'rs,
Your case is just as desperate as ours.
Expect that birds should only sing to you,
And, as you walk, that ev'ry tree should bow;
Expect those statues, as you pass, should burn;
And that with wonder men should statues turn;
Such beauty is enough to give things life,
But not to make a husband love his wife:
A husband, worse than statues, or than trees;
Colder than those, less sensible than these.
Then from so dull a care your thoughts remove,
And waste not sighs you only owe to love.
'Tis pity, sighs from such a breast should part;
Unless to ease some doubtful lover's heart;
Who dies because he must too justly prize
What yet the dull possessor does despise.
Thus precious jewels among *Indians* grow,
Who nor their use, nor wondrous value know;
But we for those bright treasures tempt the main,
And hazard life for what the fools disdain.

A LET-

A LETTER from SEA.

FAirest, if time and absence can incline
Your heart to wand'ring thoughts no more
than mine;

Then shall my hand, as changeless as my mind,

From your glad eyes a kindly welcome find;

Then, while this note my constancy assures,

You'll be almost as pleas'd, as I with yours.

And trust me, when I feel that kind relief,

Absence itself awhile suspends its grief:

So may it do with you, but straight return;

For it were cruel not sometimes to mourn

His fate, who this long time he keeps away,

Mourns all the night, and sighs out all the day;

Grieving yet more, when he reflects that you

Must not be happy, or must not be true.

But since to me it seems a blacker fate

To be inconstant, than unfortunate;

Remember all those vows between us past,

When I from all I value parted last;

May you alike with kind impatience burn,

And something miss, till I with joy return;

And soon may pitying heav'n that blessing give,

As in the hopes of that alone I live.

LOVE'S

LOVE'S SLAVERY.

GRAVE fops my envy now beget,
Who did my pity move;
They, by the right of wanting wit,
Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools, because they are
By that defect secure
From slavery and toils of war,
Which all the rest endure.

So I, who suffer cold neglect
And wounds from CELIA's eyes,
Begin extremely to respect
These fools that seem so wise.

'Tis true, they fondly set their hearts
On things of no delight;
To pass all day for men of parts,
They pass alone the night.

But CELIA never breaks their rest;
Such servants she disdains;
And so the fops are dully blest,
While I endure her chains.

The

The D R E A M.

READY to throw me at the feet
Of that fair nymph whom I adore,
Impatient those delights to meet,
Which I enjoyed the night before;

By her wonted scornful brow,
Soon the fond mistake I find;
IXION mourn'd his error so,
When JUNO's form the cloud resign'd.

Sleep, to make its charms more priz'd
Than waking joys, which most prevail,
Had cunningly itself disguis'd
In a shape that could not fail.

There my CELIA's snowy arms,
Breasts, and other parts more dear,
Exposing new and unknown charms,
To my transported soul appear.

Then you so much kindness show,
My despair deluded flies;
And indulgent dreams bestow
What your cruelty denies.

Blush not that your image love
 Naked to my fancy brought ;
 'Tis hard, methinks, to disapprove
 The joys I feel without your fault.

Wonder not a fancy'd bliss
 Can such griefs as mine remove ;
 That honour as fantastic is,
 Which makes you flight such constant love.

The virtue which you value so,
 Is but a fancy frail and vain ;
 Nothing is solid here below,
 Except my love, and your disdain.

*To one who accused him of being
 too sensual in his love.*

THINK not, my fair, 'tis sin or shame,
 To bless the man who so adores ;
 Nor give so hard, unjust a name,
 To all those favours he implores.
 Beauty is heav'n's most bounteous gift esteem'd,
 Because by love men are from vice redeem'd.

Yet

Yet wish not vainly for a love
From all the force of nature clear;
That is reserv'd for those above,
And 'tis a fault to claim it here.
For sensual joys ye scorn that we should love ye;
But love without 'em is as much above ye.

The WARNING.

LOVERS, who waste your thoughts and youth
In passion's fond extremes;
Who dream of women's love and truth,
And doat upon your dreams:

I should not here your fancy take
From such a pleasing state,
Were you not sure at last to wake,
And find your fault too late.

Then learn betimes, the love which crowns
Our cares, is all but wiles;
Compos'd of false fantastic frowns,
And soft dissembling smiles.

With anger, which sometimes they feign.

They cruel tyrants prove ;

And then turn flatterers again,

With as affected love.

As if some injury were meant

To those they kindly us'd,

Those lovers are the most content,

That have been still refus'd.

Since each has in his bosom nurs'd

A false and fawning foe ;

Tis just and wise, by striking first,

To 'scape the fatal blow.

To A M O R E T T A.

WHEN I held out against your eyes,
You took the surest course ;

A heart unwary to surprize,

You ne'er could take by force.

However, tho' I strive no more,

The fort will now be priz'd ;

Which, if surrender'd up before,

Perhaps had been despis'd.

But

But, gentle AMORETTA, tho'
 I cannot love resist,
 Think not, when you have caught me so,
 To use me as your list.

Inconstancy or coldness will
 My foolish heart reclaim :
 Then I come off with honour still,
 But you, alas ! with shame.

A heart by kindness only gain'd,
 Will a dear conquest prove ;
 And, to be kept, must be maintain'd
 At vast expence of love.

The VENTURE.

OH, how I languish ! what a strange
 Unruly fierce desire !
 My spirits feel some wondrous change,
 My heart is all on fire.

Now, all ye wiser thoughts, away,
 In vain your tale ye tell
 Of patient hopes, and dull delay,
 Love's foppish part ; farewell.

Sup-

Suppose one week's delay would give
All that my wishes move;
Oh, who so long a time can live,
Stretch'd on the rack of love?

Her soul perhaps is too sublime,
To like such slavish fear;
Discretion, prudence, all is crime,
If once condemn'd by her.

When honour does the soldier call
To some unequal fight,
Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
Before his gen'ral's fight;

Advanc'd the happy hero lives;
Or if ill fate denies,
The noble rashness heav'n forgives,
And gloriously he dies.

Inconstancy

Inconstancy excused.

S O N G.

I Must confess, I am untrue
To GLORIANA's eyes ;
But he that's smil'd upon by you,
Must all the world despise.

In winter, fires of little worth
Excite our dull desire ;
But when the sun breaks kindly forth,
Those fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for slighting now
What I did once adore ;
O, do but this one change allow,
And I can change no more :

Fixt by your never-failing charms,
Till I with age decay,
Till languishing within your arms,
I sigh my soul away.

S O N G

S O N G.

OH, conceal that charming creature
 From my wond'ring, wishing eyes !
 Ev'ry motion, ev'ry feature
 Does some ravish'd heart surprize ;
 But oh, I sighing, sighing, see
 The happy swain ! she ne'er can be
 False to him, or kind to me.

Yet, if I could humbly show her,
 Ah ! how wretched I remain ;
 'Tis not, sure, a thing below her,
 Still to pity so much pain.
 The gods some pleasure, pleasure take,
 Happy as themselves to make
 Those who suffer for their sake.

Since your hand alone was giv'n
 To a wretch not worth your care ;
 Like some angel sent from heav'n,
 Come and raise me from despair !
 Your heart I cannot, cannot miss,
 And I desire no other bliss ;
 Let all the world besides be his.

D E S P A I R.

ALL hopeless of relief,
Incapable of rest,
In vain I strive to vent a grief
That's not to be exprest.

This rage within my veins
No reason can remove;
Of all the mind's most cruel pains,
The sharpest, sure, is love.

Yet while I languish so,
And on thee vainly call;
Take heed, fair cause of all my woe,
What fate may thee befall.

Ungrateful, cruel faults
Suit not thy gentle sex;
Hereafter, how will guilty thoughts
Thy tender conscience vex!

When welcome death shall bring
Relief to wretched me,
My soul enlarg'd, and once on wing,
In haste will fly to thee.

When

When in thy lonely bed,
My ghost its moan shall make,
With saddest signs that I am dead,
And dead for thy dear sake.

Struck with that conscious blow,
Thy very soul will start;
Pale as my shadow thou wilt grow,
And cold as is thy heart.

Too late remorse will then
Untimely pity show
To him, who of all mortal men
Did most thy value know.

Yet, with this broken heart,
I wish thou never be
Tormented with the thousandth part
Of what I feel for thee.

On

On apprehension of losing what
he had newly gain'd.

In Imitation of OVID.

SURE I of all men am the first
That ever was by kindness curst,
Who must my only bliss bemoan,
And am by happiness undone.

Had I at distance only seen
That lovely face, I might have been
With the delightful object pleas'd,
But not with all this passion seiz'd.

When afterwards so near I came,
As to be scorch'd in beauty's flame;
To so much softness, so much sense,
Reason itself made no defence.

What pleasing thoughts possess'd my mind
When little favours shew'd you kind!
And tho', when coldness oft prevail'd,
My heart would sink, and spirits fail'd,
Yet willingly the yoke I bore,
And all your chains as bracelets wore:
At your lov'd feet all day would lie,
Desiring, without knowing why;

For,

For, not yet blest within your arms,
Who could have thought of half your charms?
Charms of such a wondrous kind,
Words we cannot, must not find,
A body worthy of your mind.
Fancy could ne'er so high reflect,
Nor love itself such joys expect.

After such embraces past,
Whose memory will ever last,
Love is still reflecting back:
All my soul is on a rack:
To be in hell's sufficient curse,
But to fall from heav'n is worse.
I liv'd in grief ere this I knew,
But then I dwelt in darkness too.
Of gains, alas! I could not boast;
But little thought how much I lost.

Now heart-devouring eagerness,
And sharp impatience to possess;
Now restless cares, consuming fires,
Anxious thoughts, and fierce desires,
Tear my heart to that degree,
For ever fix'd on only thee:
Then all my comfort is, I shall
Live in thy arms, or not at all.

The Reconcilement.

S O N G.

COME, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
That time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove,
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love,
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure, nor no rest;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas! I lov'd you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our fate;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure, never is too late.

D S O N G

S O N G.

FROM all uneasy passions free,
 Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
 Contented I had been too blest,
 If love and you had let me rest.
 Yet that dull life I now despise;
 Safe from your eyes,
 I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

 Amidst a thousand kind desires,
 Which beauty moves, and love inspires;
 Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
 No heart so soft as mine can bear.
 Yet I'll defy the worst of harms:
 Such are your charms,
 'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

To a Coquet Beauty.

FROM wars and plagues come no such harms,
 As from a nymph so full of charms;
 So much sweetness in her face,
 In her motions such a grace,

In

In her kind inviting eyes
Such a soft enchantment lies;
That we please ourselves too soon,
And are with empty hopes undone.

After all her softness, we
Are but slaves, while she is free;
Free, alas! from all desire,
Except to set the world on fire.

Thou fair dissembler, do'st but thus
Deceive thyself, as well as us.
Like a restless monarch, thou
Would'st rather force mankind to bow,
And venture round the world to roam,
Than govern peaceably at home.
But trust me, CELIA, trust me, when
APOLLO's self inspires my pen;
One hour of love's delight out-weighs
Whole years of universal praise;
And one adorer, kindly us'd,
Gives truer joys than crowds refus'd.

For what does youth and beauty serve?
Why more than all your sex deserve?
Why such soft alluring arts
To charm our eyes and melt our hearts?
By our loss you nothing gain:
Unless you love, you please in vain.

The R E L A P S E.

LIKE children in a starry night,
 When I beheld those eyes before,
 I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
 Insensible of all their pow'r.

I play'd about the flame so long,
 At last I felt the scorching fire;
 My hopes were weak, my passion strong,
 And I lay dying with desire.

By all the helps of human art,
 I just recover'd so much sense,
 As to avoid, with heavy heart,
 The fair, but fatal influence.

But, since you shine away despair,
 And now my sighs no longer shun,
 No *Persian* in his zealous pray'r
 So much adores the rising sun.

If once again my vows displease,
 There never was so lost a lover;
 In love, that languishing disease,
 A sad relapse we ne'er recover.

The RECOVERY.

SIGHING and languishing I lay,
A stranger grown to all delight,
Passing with tedious thoughts the day,
And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear sake, my only care
Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with despair,
Neglecting all the world beside :

Till, like some angel from above,
CORNELIA came to my relief ;
And then I found the joys of love
Can make amends for all the grief.

Those pleasing hopes I now pursue,
Might fail if you could prove unjust ;
But promises from heav'n and you,
Who is so impious to mistrust ?

Here all my doubts and troubles end ;
One tender word my soul assures ;
Nor am I vain, since I depend
Not on my own desert, but yours.

The CONVERT.

DEjected, as true converts die,
 But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd,
 So, fairest ! at your feet I lie,
 Of all my sex's faults asham'd.

Too long, alas ! have I abus'd
 Love's innocent and sacred flame,
 And that divinest pow'r have us'd
 To laugh at, as an idle name.

But since so freely I confess
 A crime which may your scorn produce,
 Allow me now to make it less
 By any just and fair excuse.

I then did vulgar joys pursue,
 Variety was all my bliss;
 But ignorant of love and you,
 How could I chuse but do amiss?

If ever now my wandring eyes
 Seek out amusements as before;
 If e're I look, but to despise
 Such charms, and value yours the more;

May

May sad remorse, and guilty shame,
 Revenge your wrongs on faithless me;
 And what I tremble ev'n to name,
 May I lose all in losing thee.

The PICTURE.

In Imitation of *Anacreon*.

THOU flatterer of all the fair,
 Come with all your skill and care;
 Draw me such a shape and face,
 As your flatt'ry would disgrace.
 Wish not that she would appear?
 'Tis well for you she is not here;
 Scarce can you with safety see
 All her charms describ'd by me;
 I, alas! the danger know;
 I, alas! have felt the blow;
 Mourn, as lost, my former days,
 That never sung of CELIA's praise;
 And those few that are behind
 I shall blest or wretched find,
 Only just as she is kind.

}

With her tempting eyes begin,
Eyes that would draw angels in:
To a second, sweeter sin.
Oh, those wanton rolling eyes!
At each glance a lover dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing;
Let them look both kind and killing.

Next, draw her forehead; then her nose,
And lips just op'ning, that disclose
Teeth so bright, and breath so sweet,
So much beauty, so much wit,
To our very soul they strike,
All our senses pleas'd alike.

But so pure a white and red,
Never, never, can be said:
What are words in such a case;
What is paint to such a face?
How should either art avail us?
Fancy here itself must fail us.

In her looks, and in her mien,
Such a graceful air is seen,
That if you, with all your art,
Can but reach the smallest part;
Next to her, the matchless she,
We shall wonder most at thee.

Then her neck, and breasts, and hair,
And her ——— but my charming fair
Does in a thousand things excel,
Which I must not, dare not tell.

How

How go on then ? oh ! I see
 A lovely VENUS drawn by thee ;
 Oh how fair she does appear !
 Touch it only here and there.
 Make her yet seem more divine,
 Your VENUS then may look like mine,
 Whose bright form if once you saw,
 You by her would VENUS draw.

*On Don ALONZO's being killed in
 Portugal, upon account of the
 Infanta, in the Year 1683.*

IN such a cause no muse should fail
 To bear a mournful part ;
 'Tis just and noble to bewail
 The fate of fall'n desert,

In vain ambitious hopes design'd
 To make his soul aspire,
 If love and beauty had not join'd,
 To raise a brighter fire,

Amidst so many dang'rous foes
 How weak the wisest prove !
 Reason itself would scarce oppose,
 And seems agreed with love.

If

If from the glorious height he falls,
 He greatly daring dies;
 Or mounting where bright beauty calls,
 An empire is the prize.

The S U R P R I Z E.

SAFELY perhaps dull crowds admire;
 But I, alas! am all on fire.

Like him who thought in childhood past
 That dire disease which kill'd at last,
 I durst have sworn I lov'd before,
 And fancy'd all the danger o'er;
 Had felt the pangs of jealous pain,
 And born the blasts of cold disdain;
 Then reap'd at length the mighty gains,
 That full reward of all our pains!

But what was all such grief or joy,
 That did my heedless years employ?
 Mere dreams of feign'd fantastick pow'rs,
 But the disease of idle hours;
 Amusement, humour, affectation,
 Compar'd with this sublimer passion,
 Whose raptures bright as those above,
 Outshine the flames of zeal or love.

Yet

Yet think not, fairest, what I sing,
 Can from a love platonic spring;
 That formal softness (false and vain)
 Not of the heart, but of the brain.
 Thou art indeed above all nature;
 But I, a wretched human creature,
 Wanting thy gentle gen'rous aid,
 Of husband, rivals, friends afraid!
 Amidst all this seraphic fire,
 Am almost dying with desire,
 With eager wishes, ardent thoughts,
 Prone to commit love's wildest faults!
 And (as we are on sundays told
 The lusty patriarch did of old)
 Would force a blessing from those charms,
 And grasp an angel in my arms.

*A dialogue sung on the stage be-
 tween an elderly shepherd, and
 a very young nymph.*

Shep. **B**RIGHT and blooming as the spring,
 Universal love inspiring!
 All our swains thy praises sing,
 Ever gazing and admiring.

Nym.

Nym. Praises in so high a strain,
And by such a shepherd sung,
Are enough to make me vain,
Yet so harmless and so young.

Shep. I should have despair'd among
Rivals that appear so gayly :
But your eyes have made me young;
By their smiling on me daily.

Nym. Idle boys admire us blindly,
Are inconstant, wild, and bold ;
And your using me so kindly
Is a proof you are not old.

Shep. With thy pleasing voice and fashion,
With thy humour and thy youth,
Chear my soul, and crown my passion :
Oh ! reward my love and truth.

Nym. With thy careful arts to cover
That which fools will count a fault,
Truest friend as well as lover,
Oh ! deserve so kind a thought.

Each

Each a part first, and then both together.

Happy we shall lie possessing,
Folded in each other's arms,
Love and nature's chiefest blessing
In the still increasing charms.

So the dearest joys of loving,
Which scarce heav'n can go beyond,
We'll be ev'ry day improving,

Shep. You more fair, and I more fond.

Nym. I more fair, and you more fond.

*On one who died discovering her
Kindness.*

SOME vex their souls with jealous pain,
While others sigh for cold disdain :
Love's various slaves we daily see ;
Yet happy all, compar'd with me.

Of all mankind, I lov'd the best
A nymph so far above the rest,
That we out shin'd the blest above,
In beauty she, and I in love.

And

And therefore they who could not bear
 To be outdone by mortals here,
 Among themselves have plac'd her now,
 And left me wretched here below.

All other fate I could have born,
 And ev'n endur'd her very scorn;
 But oh! thus all at once to find
 That dread account! both dead and kind!
 What heart can hold? If yet I live,
 'Tis but to shew how much I grieve.

On LUCINDA'S Death.

COME all ye doleful, dismal cares,
 That ever haunted guilty mind!
 The pangs of love when it despairs,
 And all those stings the jealous find:
 Alas! heart-breaking tho' ye be,
 Yet welcome, welcome all to me!

Who now have lost—— but oh! how much?
 No language, nothing can express,
 Except my grief! for she was such,
 That praises would but make her less.

Yet

Yet who can ever dare to raise
His voice on her, unless to praise?

Free from her sex's smallest faults,
And fair as womankind can be;
Tender and warm as lover's thoughts,
Yet cold to all the world but me.
Of all this nothing now remains,
But only sighs and endless pains!

*To a Lady retiring into a
Monastery.*

WHAT breast but yours can hold the double
fire

Of fierce devotion, and of fond desire?
Love would shine forth, were not your zeal so bright
Whose glaring flames eclipse his gentler light:
Less seems the faith that mountains can remove,
Than this which triumphs over youth and love.

But shall some threat'ning priest divide us two?
What worse than that could all his curses do?
Thus with a fright some have resign'd their breath,
And poorly dy'd only for fear of death.

Heav'n sees our passions with indulgence still,
And they who love well, can do nothing ill.

While

While to us nothing but ourselves is dear,
Should the world frown, yet what have we to fear?
Fame, wealth, and pow'r, those high-priz'd gifts of
fate,

The low concerns of a less happy state,
Are far beneath us: fortune's self may take
Her aim at us, yet no impression make;
Let worldlings ask her help, or fear her harms;
We can lie safe, lock'd in each other's arms,
Like the blest saints, eternal raptures know;
And flight those storms that vainly rest below.

Yet this, all this you are resolv'd to quit;
I see my ruin, and I must submit:
But think, O think, before you prove unkind,
How lost a wretch you leave forlorn behind.

Malignant envy, mix'd with hate and fear,
Revenge for wrongs too burdensome to bear,
Ev'n zeal itself, from whence all mischiefs spring,
Have never done so barbarous a thing.

With such a fate the heav'ns decreed to vex
ARMIDA once, tho' of the fairer sex;
RINALDO she had charm'd with so much art,
Hers was his pow'r, his person, and his heart:
Honour's high thoughts no more his mind could
move;

She sooth'd his rage, and turn'd it all to love:
When strait a gust of fierce devotion blows,
And in a moment all her joys o'erthrows:

The

The poor ARMIDA tears her golden hair,
 Matchless till now, for love, or for despair.
 Who is not mov'd while the sad nymph complains?
 Yet you now act what TASSO only feigns;
 And after all our vows, our sighs, our tears,
 My banish'd sorrows, and your conquer'd fears;
 So many doubts, so many dangers past,
 Visions of zeal must vanquish me at last.

Thus, in great HOMER's war, throughout the field
 Some hero still made all things mortal yield;
 But when a god once took the vanquish'd side,
 The weak prevail'd, and the victorious dy'd.

The V I S I O N.

Written during a sea voyage, when sent
 to command the forces for the relief
 of *Tangier*.

Within the silent shades of soft repose,
 Where fancy's boundless stream for ever
 flows;

Where the enfranchis'd soul at ease can play,
 Tir'd with the toilsome business of the day;
 Where princes gladly rest their weary heads,
 And change uneasy thrones for downy beds;

E

Where

59 SONGS AND VERSES.

Where seeming joys delude despairing minds,
And where ev'n jealousy some quiet finds;
There I and sorrow for a while could part,
Sleep clos'd my eyes, and eas'd a sighing heart.

But here too soon a wretched lover found
In deepest griefs the sleep can ne'er be found;
With strange surprize my troubled fancy brings
Odd antic shapes of wild unheard-of things;
Dismal and terrible they all appear,
My soul was shook with an unusual fear.
But as when visions glad the eyes of saints,
And kind relief attends devout complaints,
Some beauteous angel in bright charms will shine,
And spreads a glory round, that's all divine;
Just such a bright and beauteous form appears,
The monsters vanish, and with them my fears.
The fairest shape was then before me brought,
That eyes e'er saw, or fancy ever thought;
How weak are words to shew such excellence,
Which ev'n confounds the soul, as well as sense!
And, while our eyes transporting pleasure find,
It stops not here, but strikes the very mind.
Some angel speak her praise! no human tongue,
But with its utmost art must do her wrong.
The only woman that has pow'r to kill,
And yet is good enough to want the will;
Who needs no soft alluring words repeat,
Nor study'd looks of languishing deceit.

Fan-

Fantastic beauty always in the wrong,
Still thinks some pride must to its pow'r belong;
An air affected, and a haughty mien;
Something that seems to say, *I would be seen.*
But of all womankind this only she,
Full of its charms, and from its frailty free,
Deserves some nobler muse her fame to raise,
By making the whole sex beside, her pyramid of praise.
She, she appear'd, the source of all my joys;
The dearest care that all my thought employs:
Gently she look'd, as when I left her last;
When first she seiz'd my heart, and held it fast;
When, if my vows, alas! were made too late,
I saw my doom came not from her, but fate.
With pity then she eas'd my raging pain,
And her kind eyes could scarce from tears refrain:
Why gentle swain, said she, why do you grieve
In words I should not hear, much less believe?
I gaze on that which is a fault to mind,
And ought to fly the danger which I find:
Of false mankind tho' you may be the best,
Ye all have robb'd poor women of their rest.
I see your pain, and see it too with grief,
Because I would, yet must not give relief.
Thus, for a husband's sake, as well as yours,
My scrup'lous soul divided pain endures;
Guilty, alas! to both; for thus I do
Too much for him, yet not enough for you.

Give over then, give over, hapless swain,
 A passion moving, but a passion vain.
 Not chance, nor time shall ever change my thought:
 'Tis better much to die, than do a fault.

Oh, worse than ever! Is it then my doom
 Just to see heav'n, where I must never come?
 Your soft compassion, if not something more:
 Yet I remain as wretched as before:
 The wind, indeed, is fair, but ah! no sight of shore:
 Farewell, too scrup'lous fair-one; oh! farewell.
 What torments I endure, no tongue can tell;
 Thank heav'n, my fate transports me now, where I
 Your martyr may with ease and safety die.

With that I kneel'd, and seiz'd her trembling hand,
 While she impos'd this cruel kind command:
 Live and love on; you will be true, I know;
 But live then, and come back to tell me so:
 For tho' I blush at this last guilty breath,
 I can endure that better than your death.

Tormenting kindness! barbarous reprieve!
 Condemn'd to die, and yet compell'd to live!

This tender scene my dream repeated o'er,
 Just as it pass'd in real truth before.
 Methought I then fell grov'ling to the ground,
 Till on a sudden rais'd, I wond'ring found
 A strange appearance all in taintless white;
 His form gave rev'rence, and his face delight:

Goodness

Goodness and greatness in his eyes were seen;

Gentle his look, and affable his mien.

A kindly notice of me thus he took :

“ What mean these flowing eyes, this ghastly look !

“ These trembling joints, this loose dishevel'd hair,

“ And this cold dew, the drops of deep despair ?”

With grief and wonder first my spirits faint,

But thus, at last, I vented my complaint.

Behold a wretch whom cruel fate has found,

And in the depth of all misfortune drown'd.

There shines a nymph, to whom an envy'd swain

Is ty'd in HYMEN'S ceremonious chain ;

But cloy'd with charms of such a marriage-bed,

And fed with manna, yet he longs for bread ;

And will, most husband-like, not only range

For love perhaps of nothing else but change ;

But to inferior beauty prostrate lies,

And courts her love, in scorn of FLAVIA'S eyes.

All this I knew (the form divine reply'd)

And did but ask to have thy temper try'd,

Which prove sincere. Of both I know the mind :

She is too scrupulous, and thou too kind :

But since thy fatal love's for ever fix'd,

Whatever time or absence come betwixt ;

Since thy fond heart ev'n her disdain prefers

To others love, I'll something soften hers.

Else in the search of virtue she may stray :

Well-meaning mortals should not lose their way.

She now indeed sins on the safer side,
For hearts too loose are never to be ty'd;
But no extremes are either good or wise,
And in the midst alone true virtue lies.
When marriage-vows unite an equal pair,
'Tis a mere contract, made by human care,
By which they both are for convenience ty'd,
The bridegroom yet more strictly than the bride;
For circumstances alter ev'ry ill,
And woman meets with most temptation still;
She a forsaken bed must often bear,
While he can never fail to find her there,
And therefore less excus'd to range elsewhere.
Yet this she ought to suffer and submit:
But when no longer for each other fit,
If usage base shall just resentment move,
Or, what is worse, affronts of wand'ring love;
No obligation after that remains.
'Tis mean, not just, to wear a rival's chains.

Yet decency requires the wonted cares
Of int'rest, children, and remote affairs;
But in her love, that dear concern of life,
She all the while may be another's wife:
Heav'n that beholds her wrong'd and widow'd bed,
Permits a lover in her husband's stead.

I flung me at his feet, his robes would kiss,
And cry'd, — Ev'n our base world is just in this;
Amidst our censures, love we gently blame;
And love sometimes preserves a female fame.

What

What tie less strong can woman's will restrain?
 When honour, checks, and conscience plead in vain;
 When parents threats, and friends persuasions fail,
 When int'rest and ambition scarce prevail,
 To bound that sex when nothing else can move;
 They'll live reserv'd to please the man they love!

The spirit then reply'd to all I said,
 She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;
 Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate:
 Then she will love, when 'tis, alas! too late:
 Of all thy pains she will no pity have,
 Till sad despair has sent thee to the grave.

Amaz'd, I wak'd in haste,
 All trembling at my doom;
 Dreams oft repeat adventures past,
 And tell our ills to come.

SONGS AND VERSES

What the idle young can woman's willfulness

When honest, cheerful, and contented please a wife

We have a happy throng, and friends and neighbours too

We have industry and ambition for our use

To do what we can while nothing else can move

They'll live content to please the man they love

The spirit then reply'd to all I said

She may be kind, but not tell that she's dead

Her every manner, between the two

Then she will love, when I, who I too love

Of all the pains she will no pay have

Till she has paid her debt to the grave

Answer'd, I was in haste

All depending on my state

Dreams of respect and honour pass

And tell our life to come

HELEN to *PARIS*,

F R O M

O V I D.

Translated by the Earl of MULGRAVE,
and Mr. DRYDEN,

WELLES to PARIS

FROM

O V I D.

Translated by the Earl of Mordaunt
and Mr. Dryden.

HELEN to PARIS.

WHEN loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
 She half consents, who silently denies:
 How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
 Marriage and hospitable rights profane?
 Was it for this your fate did shelter find
 From swelling seas, and ev'ry faithless wind?
 (For tho' a distant country brought you forth,
 Your usage here was equal to your worth.)
 Does this deserve to be rewarded so?
 Did you come here a stranger, or a foe?
 Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
 And think me barb'rous for my just disdain;
 Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
 Nor my clear fame with any spot defac'd.
 Tho' in my face there's no affected frown,
 Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,
 I keep my honour still without a stain,
 Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
 Your boldness I with admiration see.
 What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
 Because a hero forc'd me once away,
 Am I thought fit to be a second prey?

Had

Had I been won, I had deserv'd your blame;
But sure my part was nothing but the shame:
Yet the base theft to him no fruit did bear;
I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but fear:
Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.

You on such terms would ne'er have let me go;
Where he like you, we had not parted so.

Untouch'd the youth restor'd me to my friends,
And modest usage made me some amends.

'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed.

Did he repent, that PARIS might succeed?

Sure 'tis some fate that sets me above wrongs,

Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.

I'll not complain; for who's displeas'd with love,

If it sincere, discreet and constant prove?

But that I fear — not that I think you base,

Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;

But all your sex is subject to deceive,

And ours, alas! too willing to believe.

Yet others yield; and love o'ercomes the best —

But why should I not shine above the rest?

Fair LEDA's story seems at first to be

A fit example ready found for me:

But she was couzen'd by a borrow'd shape,

And under harmless feathers felt a rape:

If I should yield, what reason could I use?

By what mistake the loving crime excuse?

Her

Her fault was in her pow'rful lover lost;
But of what JUPITER have I to boast?
Tho' you to heroes, and to kings succeed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but useless prove
To one that springs herself from mighty Jove.
Go then and boast in some less haughty place
Your *Phrygian* blood, and PRIAM's antient race,
Which I would shew I valu'd, if I durst;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first.
The crown of *Troy* is pow'rful, I confess;
But I have reason to think ours no less.
Your letter, fill'd with promises of all
That men can good, and women pleasant call,
Gives expectation such an ample field,
As would move goddesses themselves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great JUNO's laws,
Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause;
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you without mean thoughts of gain.
Not that so fair a present I despise;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize:
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.
I have perceived (tho' I dissembled too)
A thousand things that love has made you do:
Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine,
In which (wild man!) your wanton thoughts would
shine.

Some

Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual ardour press my hand;
Contrive just after me to take the glass,
Nor would you let the least occasion pass:
Which oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And blushing sat for things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to myself, he'll for my sake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no mistake.
Oft have I read within this pleasant grove,
Under my name, those charming words *I love*.
I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your flame;
But now, alas! am come to write the same.
If I were capable to do amiss,
I could not but be sensible of this.
For, oh! your face has such peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May some blest maid possess with innocence.
Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should move;
Oh! learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you desire, is sought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, so others are not blind.
Like you they see, like you my charms adore;
They wish not less, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coasts been brought,
My virgin love when thousand rivals sought,
You had I seen, you should have had my voice;
Nor cou'd my husband justly blame my choice.

For

For both our hopes, alas ! you come too late ;
 Another now is master of my fate.
 More to my wish I cou'd have liv'd with you,
 And yet my present lot can undergo.
 Cease to sollicit a weak woman's will,
 And urge not her you love, to so much ill :
 But let me live contented as I may,
 And make not my unspotted fame your prey.
 Some right you claim, since naked to your eyes
 Three goddesses disputed beauty's prize :
 One offer'd valour, t'other crowns ; but she
 Obtain'd her cause, who smiling promis'd me.
 But, first, I am not of belief so light,
 To think such nymphs wou'd shew you such a fight.
 Yet, granting this, the other part is feign'd :
 A bribe so mean, your sentence had not gain'd.
 With partial eyes I should myself regard,
 To think that VENUS made me her reward :
 I humbly am content with human praise ;
 A goddess's applause would envy raise.
 But be it as you say ; for 'tis confess'd,
 The men who flatter highest, please us best :
 That I suspect it, ought not to displease ;
 For miracles are not believ'd with ease.
 One joy I have, that I had VENUS' voice ;
 A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice ;
 That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sov'reignty,
 JUNO and PALLAS, you condemn'd for me.

Am

Am I your empire then, and your renown?
 What heart of rock but must by this be won?
 And yet bear witness, O you powr's above,
 How rude I am in all the arts of love!
 My hand is yet untaught to write to men;
 This is th'essay of my unpractis'd pen:
 Happy those nymphs, whom use has perfect made;
 I think all crime, and tremble at a shade.
 Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
 Look often back, misdoubting a surprize.
 For now the rumour spreads among the croud,
 At court in whispers, but in town aloud.
 Dissemble you, whate'er you hear 'em say:
 To leave off loving were your better way;
 Yet, if you will dissemble it, you may.
 Love secretly: the absence of my lord
 More freedom gives, but does not all afford,
 Long is his journey, long will be his stay;
 Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
 To go or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
 I bid him make what swift return he could:
 Then kissing me, he said, I recommend
 All to thy care, but most my *Trojan* friend.
 I smil'd at what he innocently said,
 And only answer'd, You shall be obey'd.
 Propitious winds have born him far from hence,
 But let not this secure your confidence.
 Absent he is, yet absent he commands:
 You know the proverb, *princes have long hands.*

My

My fame's my burthen ; for the more I'm prais'd,
 A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd.
 Were I less fair, I might have been more blest,
 Great beauty through great danger is possest.
 To leave me here, his venture was not hard,
 Because he thought my virtue was my guard.
 He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life,
 The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
 You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
 Put in our hands by the good easy man.
 I would, and yet I doubt, 'twixt love and fear ;
 One draws me from you, and one brings me near :
 Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone :
 The nights are long ; I fear to lie alone ;
 One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
 And you're too pressing to be long deny'd.
 Let me not live, but ev'ry thing conspires
 To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
 You court with words, when you shou'd force em-
 ploy,
 A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy :
 Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
 Our sex can suffer what we dare not give.
 What have I said ! for both of us 't were best,
 Our kindling fire if each of us suppress.
 The faith of strangers is too prone to change,
 And, like themselves, their wand'ring passions range.
 HYPsipyle, and the fond *Minoian* maid,
 Were both by trusting of their guest betray'd.

F

How

How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourself did fair CENONE leave?
But lest I should upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary *Trojans* wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail, while I assign the night,
Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight;
Some bawling mariner our love destroys,
And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.
But I with you may leave the *Spartan* port,
To view the *Trojan* wealth, and PRIAM's court.
Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame;
And fill a foreign country with my shame.
In *Asia* what reception shall I find?
And what dishonour leave in *Greece* behind?
What will your brothers, PRIAM, HECUBA,
And what will all your modest matrons say?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct justly may suspect:
And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,
Conclude me, by your own example, lost.
I, from your rage, a strumpet's name shall hear.
While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh! let me first be laid!
You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promise all shall be at my command:

Your

Your *Trojan* wealth, believe me, I despise;
 My own poor native land has dearer ties.
 Shou'd I be injur'd on your *Phrygian* shore,
 What help of kindred cou'd I there implore?
 MEDEA was by JASON's flatt'ry won:
 I may, like her, believe and be undone.
 Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,
 And love contributes to its own deceit.
 The ships, about whose sides loud tempests roar,
 With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.
 Your teeming mother dreamt a flaming brand,
 Sprung from her womb, consum'd the *Trojan* land;
 To second this, old prophecies conspire,
 That *Ilium* shall be burnt with *Grecian* fire:
 Both give me fear, nor is it much allay'd,
 That VENUS is oblig'd our loves to aid.
 For they who lost their cause, revenge will take,
 And for one friend two enemies you make.
 Nor can I doubt, but should I follow you,
 The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue:
 A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouze,
 And my relations would his cause espouse.
 You boast your strength and courage; but, alas!
 Your words receive small credit from your face.
 Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
 Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight.
 Bid HECTOR sally from the walls of *Troy*;
 A sweeter quarrel shou'd your arms employ.

68 H E L E N t o P A R I S .

Yet fears like these shou'd not my mind perplex,
 Were I as wise as many of my sex :
 But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire ;
 And I, perhaps may yield to your desire.
 You last demand a private conference :
 These are your words ; but I can guess your sense.
 Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend :
 Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
 This is enough to let you understand,
 For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand ;
 My woman knows the secret of my heart,
 And may, hereafter, better news impart.

Part

P A R T
OF THE
S T O R Y
OF
O R P H E U S.
BEING A

Translation out of the Fourth Book of
VIRGIL'S GEORGIC.

'TIS not for nothing when just heav'n does
frown ;

The injur'd ORPHEUS calls these judgments down ;
Whose spouse, avoiding to become thy prey,
And all his joys at once were snatch'd away ;
The nymph, fore-doom'd that fatal way to pass,
Spy'd not the serpent lurking in the grass :
A mournful cry the spacious valley fills,
With echoing groans from all the neighb'ring hills ;
The *Dryades* roar out in deep despair,
And with united voice bewail the fair,

For such a loss he sought no vain relief,
But with his lute indulg'd the tender grief ;

70 THE STORY OF ORPHEUS.

Along the shore he oft would wildly stray,
 With doleful notes begin, and end the day.
 At length to hell a frightful journey made,
 Pass'd the wide-gaping gulph, and dismal shade:
 Visits the ghosts, and to that king repairs,
 Whose heart's inflexible to human pray'rs.
 All hell is ravish'd with so sweet a song;
 Light souls and airy spirits glide along
 In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
 Driv'n home by night, or some tempestuous wind:
 Matrons and men, raw youths and unripe maids;
 And mighty heroes' more majestic shades;
 And sons entomb'd before their parents face;
 These the black waves of bounding *Styx* embrace
 Nine times circumfluent; clogg'd with noisome
 weeds,

And all that filth which standing water breeds.
 Amazement reach'd ev'n the deep caves of death;
 The sisters with blue snaky curls took breath;
IXION's wheel awhile unmov'd remain'd,
 And the fierce dog his three-mouth'd voice restrain'd.

When safe return'd, and all these dangers past,
 His wife, restor'd to breathe fresh air at last,
 Following (for so *PROSERPINA* was pleas'd)
 A sudden rage th' unwary lover seiz'd,
 He, as the first bright glimpse of day-light shin'd,
 Could not refrain to cast one look behind;
 A fault of love! could hell compassion find.

}
A

THE STORY OF ORPHEUS. 71

A dreadful sound thrice shook the *Stygian* coast,
 His hopes quite fled, and all his labour lost !
 Why hast thou thus undone thyself and me?
 What rage is this ? oh, I am snatch'd from thee !
 (She faintly cry'd) night and the pow'rs of hell
 Surround my fight ; oh, ORPHEUS ! oh, farewell !
 My hands stretch forth to reach thee as before ;
 But all in vain, for I am thine no more ;
 No more allow'd to view thy face, or day !——
 Then from his eyes, like smoke, she fleets away.
 Much he would fain have spoke : but fate, alas !
 Would n'er again consent to let him pass.
 Thus twice undone, what course remain'd to take,
 To gain her back, already pass'd the lake ?
 What tears, what patience could procure him ease ?
 Or, ah ! what vows the angry pow'rs appease ?
 'Tis said, he sev'n long moons bewail'd his loss
 To bleak and barren rocks, on whose cold moss,
 While languishing he sung his fatal flame,
 He mov'd ev'n trees, and made fierce tygers tame.
 So the sad nightingale, when childe's made
 By some rough swain who stole her young away,
 Bewails her loss beneath a poplar shade,
 Mourns all the night, in murmurs wastes the day ;
 Her melting songs a doleful pleasure yield,
 And melancholy music fills the field.
 Marriage, nor love, could ever move his mind ;
 But all alone, beat by the northern wind,

72 THE STORY of ORPHEUS.

Shiv'ring on *Tanais* banks the bard remain'd,
 And of the god's unfruitful gift complain'd,
Circonian dames, enrag'd to be despis'd,
 As they the feast of *BACCHUS* solemniz'd,
 Slew the poor youth, and strew'd about his limbs;
 His head, torn off from the fair body, swims
 Down that swift current where the *Heber* flows,
 And still its tongue in doleful accents goes,
Ah, poor EURYDICE! he dying cry'd;
EURYDICE resounds from every side.

A N

A N
E S S A Y
O N
S A T I R E.

Written in the Year 1675.

Y A 2 2 3

3 H 1 T A 2

A N

ESSAY on SATIRE.

HOW vain, and how insensible a beast
 Is man! who yet would lord it o'er the rest!
 Philosophers and poets vainly strove,
 In ev'ry age the lumpish mass to move:
 But those were pedants, if compar'd with these,
 Who knew not only to instruct, but please:
 Poets alone found the delightful way,
 Mysterious morals gently to convey
 In charming numbers, that when once men grew
 Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.

SATIRE has always shin'd among the rest,
 And is the boldest way, perhaps the best,
 To show men freely all their foulest faults;
 To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.

In this great work the wise took diff'rent ways,
 Tho' each deserving its peculiar praise:
 Some did our follies with just sharpness blame;
 While others laugh'd, and scorn'd us into shame;
 But, of these two, the last succeeded best;
 As men hit rightest, when they shoot in jest.

Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,
 And censure those who censur'd all besides:

In

In all things else they justly are preferr'd ;
 In this alone methinks the ancients err'd :
 Against the grossest follies they declaim,
 Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
 Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
 And but the talent of a vulgar wit :
 Besides, 'tis labour lost ; for who would teach
 W—sLEY to write, or TE—— to preach ?
 'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
 Or bringing wit and friendship to *Whiteball*.

But, with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
 Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind,
 That little speck, which all the rest will spoil ;
 To wash off this, would be a noble toil ;
 Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
 Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage :
 Above the reach of ev'ry little wit,
 Who, yet, will smile to see a greater hit.
 But ev'n the greatest, tho' expos'd the most,
 Of such correction should have cause to boast :
 In such a Satire they might court a share,
 And each vain fool would fancy he was there,
 Old story-tellers then will pine and die,
 To find their antiquated wit laid by ;
 Like her who miss'd her name in a lampoon,
 And sigh'd, to find herself decay'd so soon.
 No common coxcomb must be mention'd here,
 Nor the dull train of dancing sparks appear ;

No feather'd officers, who never fight;
 Of such a wretched rabble who would write?
 Much less half-wits; that's more against our rules;
 For they are fops, the others are but fools:
 Who would not be as silly as D——R,
 Or dull as W——LY, rather than Sir C——R?

The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
 Who with dull knav'ry makes so much ado,
 Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too too fast,
 Like Esop's fox, becomes a prey at last.

Nor should the royal mistresses be nam'd;
 Too ugly, or too easy to be blam'd;
 With whom each rhiming fool keeps such a pother,
 They are as common that way as the other:
 While fauntring CHARLES, betwixt so mean a brace,
 Meets with dissembling still in either place,
 Affected humour, or a painted face. }

In loyal libels we have often told him,
 How one has jilted him, the other sold him;
 How that affects to laugh, and this to weep;
 But who so long can rail, as he can keep?
 Was ever prince by two at once misled,
 Foolish and false, ill-natur'd and ill-bred?

E——Y and A——Y, with all the race
 Of formal blockheads, shall have here no place;
 At council set, as foils, on DA——'s score,
 To make that great false jewel shine the more;
 Who all the while is thought exceeding wise,
 Only for taking pains, and telling lyes.

But

But there's no meddling with such nauseous men;
 Their very names have tir'd my nicer pen;
 'Tis time to quit their company, and chuse
 Some nobler subject for a sharper muse.
 And first, behold the merriest man alive
 Against his careless genius vainly strive;
 Quit his dear ease some deep design to lay,
 Appoint the hour, and then forget the day.
 Yet he will laugh, ev'n at his friends, and be
 Just as good company as NOKES or LEE;
 But when he would the court or nation rule,
 He turns himself the best to ridicule.
 When serious, few for great affairs more fit;
 But shew him mirth, and bait that mirth with wit,
 That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
 Tho' he left all mankind to be destroy'd.

So *puffs* transform'd, fat like a mumping bride,
 Pensive and prudent, till the mouse she spy'd;
 But soon the lady had him in her eye,
 And from the board did just as oddly fly.

Straining above our nature does no good;
 We must sink back to our old flesh and blood.

As by our little MATCHIAVEL we find,
 That nimblest creature of the busy kind:
 His leggs are crippled, and his body shakes,
 Yet his bold mind, that all this bustle makes,
 No pity of its poor companion takes;
 What gravity can hold from laughing out,
 To see that lug his feeble limbs about?

Like

Like hounds ill-coupled, *Fowler* is so strong,
He jades poor *Trip*, and drags him all-along.

'Tis such a cruelty as ne'er was known,

To use a body thus, tho' 'tis one's own.

Yet this vain comfort in his mind he keeps;

His soul is soaring, while his body creeps.

Alas! that soaring, to those few who know,

Is but a busy flutt'ring here below.

So visionary brains ascend the sky,

While on the ground entranc'd the wretches lie;

And so late fops have fancy'd they can fly. }

Next, our new earl, with parts deserving praise,

And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;

Yet loses all soft days, and sensual nights,

Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune flights,

Striving against his quiet all he can,

For the fine notion of a busy man:

And what is that at best, but one whose mind

Is made to vex himself and all mankind?

Drudging for wealth, a courtier let him live;

For, if some odd fantastic lord will drive

A hackney coach, and meaner business do,

We should both pay him, and admire him too.

But is there any other beast alive,

Can his own harm so wittily contrive?

Will any dog, that has his teeth and stones,

Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones,

To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ'd;

While *Venus* is by rival dogs enjoy'd?

Yet

80 AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.

Yet this vain man, to get a statesman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Tho' SATIRE, nicely writ, no folly stings
But theirs, who merit praise for other things:
Yet we must needs this one exception make,
And break our rule for silly TROPHO's sake;
Who lately too much scorn'd to be accus'd,
Now therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd.

Rais'd only by a mercenary tongue,
For railing smoothly, and for reas'ning wrong.
As boys on holidays, let loose to play,
Halloo a stumbling jade in slipp'ry way;
Then laugh to see in dirt and deep distress
Some awkward cit in her flowr'd foolish dress;
Such mighty satisfaction have I found,
To see this tinsel eloquence a-ground.

The florid gravity we often saw
Baffled by common whiffers of the law.
For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
The finer, nay sometimes the wittier speaker.
So odd a mixture no man else affords;
Such scarcity of sense, such choice of words!
At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the wool-sack, fop at council table!

But these are politicians, such as wou'd
Be rather high than honest, great than good.
Another sort of wits shall now be shown,
Whose harmless foibles hurt themselves alone;

Who

Who think excess of luxury can please,
 And laziness call loving of their ease;
 Pleasure and indolence their only aim;
 Yet their whole life's but intermitting pain.
 Such head-achs, surfeits, ails, their days divide;
 They scarce perceive the little time beside.

Well-meaning men, who make this gross mistake
 And pleasure lose, only for pleasure's sake!
 Each pleasure hath its price, and when we pay
 Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus D——T, purring like a thoughtful cat,
 Marry'd; but wiser *puss* ne'er thinks on that.
 Like PEMBROKE's dog, fierce at his fondest time,
 At once he woos, and worries her in rhyme;
 To gain her love, exposes all her life,
 A teeming widow, but a barren wife.
 With tame submission to the will of fate,
 He lugg'd about the matrimonial weight;
 Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
 Has ill restor'd him to his liberty;
 That is, to live in his old idle way,
 Smoaking all night, and dozing all the day;
 Dull as NED H——RD, whom his brisker time
 Had fam'd for nonsense in immortal rhyme.

M——VE had much ado to 'scape the snare,
 Tho' vers'd in all those arts that cheat the fair,
 Beauty and wit had seiz'd his heart so fast,
 That NUMPS himself seem'd in the stocks at last.

82 AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.

Old injur'd parents dry'd their weeping eyes,
In hopes to see this pirate made a prize;
Th' impatient town waited the wish'd-for change,
And cuckolds sneer'd in hopes of sweet revenge;
Till his ambition set his love aside,
And sav'd him, not by prudence, but by pride.
What tender thoughts his harden'd heart can move,
Who for a shadow quits substantial love?

And little * SID, for simile renown'd,
Pleasure has always sought, but seldom found:
Tho' wine and women are his only care,
Of both he takes a lamentable share.
The flesh he lives on is too rank and strong;
His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
But, sure, we all mistake the pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can;
And what the world counts lewdness, vice, and sin,
Are penances of this odd capuchin:
For never hermit, under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense.
Expecting supper is his chief delight;
Like any labourer, our little knight
Toils all the day, but to be drunk at night;
When o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
Till he takes HUET and JACK HALL for wits.

Last enter R——R, of sprightly wit,
Yet not for converse safe, or business fit.

* Remarkable for making pleasant and proper similes on all occasions.

Mean

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.

83

Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him.

A gloss he gives to ev'ry foul design,
And we must own his very vices shine.

But of this odd-ill nature to mankind
Himself alone the ill effects will find.

So envious hags in vain their witchcraft try,
Yet for intended mischief justly die.

For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,

And his own kickings notably contriv'd ?

For (there's the folly that's still mix'd with fear)

Cowards more blows than any heroes bear.

Of fighting sparks fame may her pleasure say ;

But 'tis a bolder thing to run away.

The world may well forgive him all his ill,

For ev'ry fault does prove his penance still.

Easily he falls into some dang'rous noose,

And then as meanly labours to get loose :

A life so infamous is better quitting,

Spent in base injuring, and low submitting.

How weak, and yet how vain a thing is man,

Mean what he will, endeavour what he can !

I, who design'd to be so wondrous wise,

Perceive at last, where the great folly lies :

While others weakness is so gravely shown,

Their fame we ruin, but to raise our own ;

That we may angels seem, we paint them elves

And write but satires, to set up ourselves.

84 AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.

Tho' to myself this task appear'd so nice,
 That ev'n the ancients seem'd to want advice;
 With strength unequal I have dar'd to climb
 That lofty height unreach'd in former time.
 No wonder in the bold attempt I fall,
 And this, too late, to my remembrance call;
 "Learn to write well, or not to write at all."

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ON
P O E T R Y.

OF all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well :
No writing lifts exalted man so high,
As sacred and soul-moving poesy :
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But heav'n forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
Dazling our minds, sets off the slightest rhimes ;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done :
True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
Which, tho' sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts ;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a *Genius* too ; for that's the *Soul* :

88 AN ESSAY ON POETRY,

A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about ;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit ;
Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit ;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell ? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain ?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence
mourn,

Oh ! where dost thou retire ? and why dost thou re-
turn,

Sometimes with pow'rful charms to hurry me away,
From pleasures of the night, and bus'ness of the
day ?

Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein,
As all is dulness, when the fancy's bad ;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad :
And judgment has a boundless influence
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men ;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen ;
Reason is that substantial useful part,
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.

Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole art of poetry rehearse ;
But who that task would after HORACE do ?
The best of masters, and examples too !

Echoes

Echoes at best, all we can say is vain ;
 Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
 'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease ;
 But who with that mean shift himself can please,
 Without an actor's pride ? A player's art
 Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part,
 Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
 And new absurdities inspire new thoughts ;
 What need has satire then to live on theft,
 When so much fresh occasion still is left ?
 Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
 And monsters worse than ever *Nilus* breeds.
 But hold, the fools shall have no cause to fear ;
 'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here ;
 Defects of witty men deserve a cure,
 And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.

First then, of S O N G S, which now so much
 abound,

Without his song no fop is to be found ;
 A most offensive weapon, which he draws
 On all he meets, against APOLLO's laws.
 Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no part
 Of poetry requires a nicer art ;
 For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
 Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
 The least of which defects is plainly shown
 In one small ring, and brings the value down :

So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
 Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
 Exact propriety of words and thought;
 Expression easy, and the fancy high;
 Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
 No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
 As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
 Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
 Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
 Such nauseous songs by a * late author made,
 Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
 Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
 Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;
 But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
 Like heaps of fuel only choak the fire.
 On other themes he well deserves our praise;
 But palls that appetite he meant to raise.

Next, ELEGY, of sweet, but solemn voice,
 And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;
 The praise of beauty, valour, wit contains;
 And there too oft despairing love complains:
 In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
 That Phenix-she deserves to be belov'd;
 But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
 Mankind, take most with that fantastick sex.
 This to the praise of those who better knew;
 The many raise the value of the few.

* The E. of R.

But here (as all our sex too oft have try'd)
 Women have drawn my wand'ring thoughts aside.
 Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
 Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
 But should this muse harmonious numbers yield,
 And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd;
 If yet a just coherence be not made
 Between each thought; and the whole model laid
 So right, that ev'ry line may higher rise,
 Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies:
 Such trifles may, perhaps, of late have past,
 And may be lik'd a while, but never last;
 'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
 But not an Elegy, nor writ with skill,
 No * *Panegyrick*, nor a † *Cooper's-Hill*.

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
 Are ODES: the Muses' most unruly horse,
 That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,
 Here foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.
 The poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
 With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.
 COWLEY might boast to have perform'd this part,
 Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
 But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,
 Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
 Tho' all appear in heat and fury done,
 The language still must soft and easy run.

* Waller's.

† Denham's.

These

92 AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

These laws may sound a little too severe ;
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,
Which, tho' extravagant, this Muse allows,
And makes the work much easier than it shows.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
SATIRE well-writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things said oft before ;
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That stain a beauty which we so much love.
Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be as the subject rough ;
This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only bus'ness was to rail :
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down ;
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown ;
So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
The * *Laureat* here may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by † *Mack-Fleckno* with immortal bays ;

* Mr. Dryden.

† A famous satirical Poem of his.

Yet once his * *Pegasus* has born dead weight,
Rid by some lumpish minister of state.

Here rest, my Muse, suspend thy cares a while,
A more important task attends thy toil.
As some young eagle, that designs to fly
A long unwonted journey through the sky,
Weighs all the dang'rous enterprize before,
O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar,
Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
That lofty road of airy travellers;
But yet incited by some bold design,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes ev'ry feather, views herself with care,
At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last:
So (tho' too weak for such a weighty thing)
The Muse inspires a sharper note to sing.
And why should truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
On then, my Muse, adventrously engage
To give instructions that concern the STAGE.

The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if observ'd, give plays so great a grace,
Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone

* A Poem called *The Hind and Panther*.

From

94 AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

From nicer faults to purge the present age,
 Less obvious errors of the *English* stage.

First then, *Soliloquies* had need be few,
 Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.
 Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
 Of others, make the pit their confidant;
 Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
 They trust a friend, only to tell it us:
 Th' occasion should as naturally fall,
 As when * *BELLARIO* confesses all.

Figures of speech, which poets think so fine,
 (Art's needless varnish to make nature shine)
 Are all but paint upon a beauteous face,
 And in descriptions only claim a place:
 But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
 From lovers in despair fine things to force,
 Must needs succeed: for who can chuse but pity
 A dying hero, miserably witty?
 But oh! the *Dialogues*, where jeff and mock
 Is held up like a rest at shittle-cock!
 Or else, like bells, eternally they chime,
 They sigh in *Simile*, and die in *Rhime*.
 What things are these who would be poets thought,
 By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?
 Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
 A better course than this, by which they starve:

* In *Philaster*, a Play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

But to write plays ! why, 'tis a bold pretence
 To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence :
 Nay more ; for they must look within, to find
 Those *secret turns* of nature in the mind :
 Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
 And but a body all, without a soul.

All this united yet, but makes a part
 Of *Dialogue*, that great and pow'rful art,
 Now almost lost, which the old *Grecians* knew,
 From whom the *Romans* fainter copies drew,
 Scarce comprehended since, but by a few. }

PLATO and LUCIAN are the best remains
 Of all the wonders which this art contains ;
 Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
 SHAKESPEARE and FLETCHER are the wonders

now :

Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er ;
 Go see them play'd ; then read them as before ;
 For tho' in many things they grossly fail,
 Over our passions still they so prevail,
 That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep ;
 The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
 Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults ;
 First, on a *plot* employ thy careful thoughts ;
 Turn it, with time, a thousand several ways ;
 This oft, alone, has giv'n success to plays.
 Reject that vulgar error (which appears
 So fair) of making *perfect characters* ;

There

There no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.
Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve compassion too.
Besides the main design compos'd with art,
Each moving *scene* must be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark ev'ry place,
As painters first chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where shining *thoughts* to place,
As what a man would say in such a case:
Neither in comedy will this suffice,
The *player* too must be before your eyes;
And, tho' 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your secret meaning show.

Expose no single fop, but lay the load
More equally, and spread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft we see
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way,
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour,
But to collect, like bees, from ev'ry flow'r,
Ingredients to compose that precious juice,
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,

In spite of faction this would favour get;
But * FALSTAFF stands inimitable yet.

Another fault which often may befall,
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
So overflow, that is, be none at all;
That ev'n his fools speak sense, as if posselt,
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
If once the justness of each part be lost,
Well we may laugh, but at the poet's cost.
That silly thing men call *sheer-wit* avoid,
With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd;
Humour is all; wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.

But since the poets we of late have known,
Shine in no dress so much as in their own,
The better by example to convince,
Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.

First, a *Soliloquy* is calmly made,
Where ev'ry reason is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noise of drums;
For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,
And all in *metaphor* his passion proves:
But some sad accident, tho' yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone;
He strait grows jealous, tho' we know not why;
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:

* An admirable Character in a Play of *Shakespeare*.

98 AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

But first he makes a *speech*, wherein he tells
 The absent nymph how much his flame excels ;
 And yet bequeaths her generously now,
 To that lov'd rival whom he does not know !
 Who strait appears ; but who can fate withstand ?
 Too late, alas ! to hold his hasty hand,
 That just has giv'n himself the cruel stroke !
 At which his very rival's heart is broke :
 He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,
 Most sadly mourns at being left behind,
 Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
 To love, and living in a lady's arms.
 What shameful and what monstrous things are these ?
 And then they rail at those they cannot please ;
 Conclude us only partial to the dead,
 And grudge the sign of old BEN JOHNSON's head ;
 When the intrinsic value of the stage
 Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age :
 For dances, flutes, *Italian* songs, and rhyme,
 May keep up sinking nonsense for a time ;
 But that must fail, which now so much ov'r-rules,
 And sense no longer will submit to fools.

By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top,
 The EPICK poets so divinely show,
 And with just pride behold the rest below.
 Heroic poems have a just pretence
 To be the utmost stretch of human sense ;

A work

A work of such inestimable worth,
 There are but two the world has yet brought forth !
 HOMER and VIRGIL ! with what sacred awe,
 Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw !
 Just as a changeling seems below the rest
 Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beast ;
 So these gigantic souls amaz'd we find
 As much above the rest of human kind !
 Nature's whole strength united ! endless fame,
 And universal shouts attend their name !
 Read HOMER once, and you can read no more ;
 For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
 Verse will seem prose ; but still persist to read,
 And HOMER will be all the books you need.
 Had BOSSU never writ, the world had still,
 Like *Indians*, view'd this wondrous piece of skill ;
 As something of divine, the work admir'd ;
 Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd :
 But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
 Has shewn where all the mighty magic lies ;
 Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
 That have to such a vast proportion grown.
 Sure, from some angel he the secret knew,
 Who thro' this labyrinth has lent the clue !
 But what, alas ! avails it poor mankind,
 To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind ?
 The way is shewn, but who has strength to go ?
 Who can all sciences profoundly know ?

100 AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

Whose fancy flies beyond weak reason's fight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right ?
Whose just discernment, VIRGIL-like, is such,
Never to say too little, or too much ?
Let such a man begin without delay ;
But he must do beyond what I can say ;
Must above TASSO's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where SPENCER, and ev'n MILTON fail.

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B R U T U S.

O D E

ON

R E U R

O D E
O N
B R U T U S.

I.

'T I S said, that favourite, mankind,
Was made the lord of all below ;
But yet the ^a doubtful are ^b concern'd to find,
'Tis ^c only one man tells another so.
And, for this great dominion here,
Which over other beasts we claim,
^d *Reason* our best credential does appear ;
By which, indeed, we domineer ;
But how absurdly, we may see with shame.
Reason, that solemn trifle ! light as air ;
Driv'n up and down by ^e censure or applause :
By partial love away 'tis blown,
Or the least prejudice can weigh it down ;
Thus our high privilege becomes our ^f snare.
In any nice and weighty cause,
How weak, at best, is *Reason* ! yet the grave
Impose on that small judgment which we have.

II.

In all those wits, whose names have spread so wide,
 And ev'n the force of time defy'd,
 Some failings yet may be descry'd,
 Among the rest, with wonder be it told,
 That BRUTUS is admir'd for CÆSAR's death ;
 By which he yet survives in fame's immortal breath,
 BRUTUS, ev'n he, of all the rest,
 In whom we should that deed the most detest,
 Is of mankind esteem'd the best.
 As snow descending from some lofty hill,
 Is by its rolling course augmenting still ;
 So from illustrious authors down have roll'd
 Those great encomiums he receiv'd of old :
 Republic orators still shew esteem,
 And gild their eloquence with s praise of him,
 But truth unveil'd like a bright sun appears,
 To shine away this heap of sev'nte'n hundred years,

III.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an ^h illustrious wit,
 (To whom in all besides I willingly submit)
 That CÆSAR's life no pity could deserve
 From one who kill'd himself, rather than serve.
 Had BRUTUS chose rather himself to slay,
 Than any master to obey ;

Happy

Happy for *Rome* had been that noble pride ;
The world had then remain'd in peace, and only
BRUTUS dy'd,

For he, whose soul disdains to own
Subjection to a tyrant's frown,
And his own life would rather end ;
Would, sure, much rather kill himself, than only
hurt his friend.

To his own sword in the *Phillipian* field
BRUTUS, indeed, at last did yield :
But in those times self-killing was not rare ;
And his proceeded only from despair :
He might have chosen ⁱ else to live,
In hopes another CÆSAR would forgive ;
Then, for the good of *Rome*, he could once more
Conspire against a life which had spar'd his before,

IV.

Our country challenges our utmost care,
And in our thoughts deserves the tender'st share ;
Her to a thousand friends we should prefer
Yet not ^k betray 'em, tho' it be for her.
Hard is his heart, whom no desert can move,
A mistress or a friend to love,
Above what e'er he does besides enjoy ;
But may he, for their sakes, his fire or sons destroy ?
For sacred justice, or for public good,
Scorn'd be our wealth, our honour, and our blood :
In

In such a cause, want is a happy state ;
 Ev'n low disgrace would be a glorious fate ;
 And death itself, when noble fame survives,
 More to be valu'd than a thousand lives.

But 'tis not, surely, of so fair renown,
 To spill another's blood, as to expose our own :
 Of all that's ours we cannot give too much ;
 But what belongs to friendship, oh ! 'tis sacrilege
 to touch.

V.

*Can we stand by unmov'd, and see
 Our mother robb'd and ravish'd ? Can we be
 Excus'd, if in her cause we never stir,
 Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher ?*
 Thus sings our bard with almost heat divine ;
 'Tis pity that his thought was not ^m as strong as fine.
 Wou'd it more justly did the case express,
 Or that its beauty and its grace were less.
 (Thus a nymph sometimes we see,
 Who so charming seems to be,
 That, jealous of a soft surprize,
 We scarce durst trust our eager eyes)
 Such a fallacious ambush to escape,
 It were but vain to plead a willing rape ;
 A valiant son would be provok'd the more ;
 A ⁿ force we therefore must confess, but acted long
 before ;

A marriage

A ° marriage since did intervene,
 With all the solemn and the sacred scene;
 Loud was the *Hymenean* song;
 The violated * dame walk'd smilingly along,
 And in the midst of the most sacred dance,
 As if enamour'd of his sight,
 Often she cast a kind admiring glance
 On the bold struggler for delight;
 Who afterwards appear'd so moderate and cool,
 As if for public good alone he so desir'd to rule.

VI.

But, oh! that this were all which we can urge
 Against a *Roman* of so great a soul!
 And that † fair truth permitted us to purge
 His fact, of what appears so foul!
 Friendship, that sacred and sublimest thing!
 The noblest quality, and chiefest good,
 (In this ‡ dull age scarce understood)
 Inspires us with unusual warmth, her injur'd rites to
 sing.
 † Assist, ye angels! whose immortal bliss,
 Tho' more refin'd, chiefly consists in this!
 ‡ How plainly your bright thoughts to one another
 shine!
 Oh! how ye all agree in harmony divine!

* *Rome.*

The

108 ODE ON BRUTUS.

The race of mutual love with equal zeal ye run ;
A ' course, as far from any end, as when at first
begun.

u Ye saw, and smil'd upon this matchless pair,
Who still betwixt 'em did so many virtues share,
Some which belong to peace, and some to strife,
Those of a calm, and of an active life,
That all the excellence of human-kind
Concurr'd to make of both but one united mind ;
Which friendship did so fast and closely bind,
Not the least cement could appear, by which their
souls were join'd.

That tye which holds our mortal frame,
Which poor unknowing we a soul and body name,
Seems not a composition more divine,
Or more abstruse, than all that does in friendship
shine.

VII.

From mighty CÆSAR, and his boundless grace,
Tho' BRUTUS w once at least, his life receiv'd ;
Such x obligations, tho' so high believ'd,
Are yet but slight in such a case,
Where friendship so possesses all the place,
There is no room for gratitude ; since he,
Who so obliges, is more pleas'd than his fav'd friend
can be.

Just

Just in the midst of all this noble heat,
 While their great hearts did both so kindly beat,
 That it amaz'd the lookers on,
 And forc'd them to suspect a * father and a son ;
 (Tho' here ev'n nature's self still seem'd to be out-
 done)
 From such a friendship unprovok'd to fall,
 Is horrid ; yet I wish that fact were y all,
 Which does with too much cause Ungrateful BRU-
 TUS call.

VIII.

In coolest blood he laid a long design
 Against his best and dearest friend ;
 Did ev'n his foes in zeal exceed,
 To spirit others up to work so black a deed ;
 Himself the ^z centre where they all did join.
 CÆSAR, mean time, fearless, and fond of him,
 Was as industrious all the while,
 To give such ^a ample marks of fond esteem,
 As made the gravest *Romans* smile,
 To see with how much ease love can the wise be-
 guile.
 He, whom thus BRUTUS doom'd to bleed,
 Did, setting his own race aside,
 Nothing less for him provide,
 Than in the world's great empire to succeed :

* *Cæsar* was suspected to have begotten *Brutus*.

Which

110 ODE ON BRUTUS.

Which we are bound in justice to allow,
Is all-sufficient proof to show,
That BRUTUS did not strike for his own sake :
And if, alas ! he fail'd, 'twas only by mistake.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

^a *THE Doubtful.*] In which number are comprehended all the sceptics of both sorts, *viz.* they who without much consideration are apt to slight the Holy Bible, and all religion depending on it, because they have neither the patience, nor the parts to examine any thing thoroughly ; and others, more modest, who would on several accounts accept those doctrines which are taught us, if their judgment, informed by a well-meaning and industrious inquiry (which is all that God has given us for our guide) did not perceive, in some of them at least, a manifest absurdity ; apprehending also a kind of impiety in believing things inconsistent not only with common sense, but with that reverend notion we ought to have of the Deity. They conceive it to be one of those absurdities, that a poor animal, called a man, should be invested by God with a right of despotic dominion over all the rest of the creation, when all the while we are but too plainly sensible of being unable to comprehend rightly the minutest part of it. Should we not (say they) undervalue and laugh at one of ourselves, for giving a large patrimony to a booby son, without instructing or breeding him up to understand or enjoy

joy it? But when no other answer is to be well made, the reply to all is, that, as odd as this appears, yet God has done it, and therefore we ought to believe it well done, and highly prudent; which most certainly is a true consequence, if the premises were right; but that will be examined impartially in the following notes.

^b *Concern'd.*] A word of a double signification; both of being interested in a business, and of being troubled at any ill success of it. The word in this place implies both; first, because the doubtful are a part of mankind, who claim this dominion, and so are reasonably inquisitive about it; and secondly, because they have occasion to be troubled upon finding their title to it so very weak, after so much wealth and blood spent in the controversy. 'Tis well too, if we are not one day called to account, and made to pay dear costs for so contentious a quarrel.

^c *Only one man.*] Here now comes properly the examination of what grounds they go on, who pretend that God has done us this great honour, and that therefore we ought to believe it well and wisely done, whatever incongruities may appear in it; which is a consequence that must certainly be agreed to, if the first part can be as well made out: But, alas! (say our sceptics) when we come to that, in-

head

stead of a proof, there is nothing produced but one poor text in *Genesis*, whether written by *Moses* or some other man (for that is now disputed among divines themselves) is of no importance, since a man still, one of our own imperfect, unknowing kind; and, if he is to be credited on his single word against all our sense and reason, in a thing also that seems to derogate so much from the infinite wisdom of divine providence, sure there is need first of proving him infallible; whereas all the proof of that is only derived by tradition from other men still, who therefore cannot certify for one another. 'Tis said also by these Sceptics, that 'tis worth our observing, how the author of this text of man's dominion over all other creatures, has written another very extraordinary one; viz. that God walked in the garden of *Eden* in the cool of the evening; which, if excused on the account of being only a figurative expression, yet much invalidates a narration of such a vast importance, that tropes and figures seem a little improper in it. Divines are unwilling to save its credit by the difficulty of our understanding the *Hebrew* tongue (tho' no ill excuse, since it is allowed to be sometimes unintelligible) for fear of their adversaries making the same objection to other texts as extraordinary, and perhaps to all the Old Testament. Upon the whole matter, and to end so tedious a note, 'tis probable

the wise author of *Genesis*, for reasons that might be given, and many more which we now cannot guess at, had found it fit and necessary to infuse this opinion of man's superiority into the *Jews*. And who knows but it was as needful to encourage them against the beasts of a wilderness in which they wandered so long, as against the kings of *Canaan*; whom *Moses*, like a wise leader, assured them before-hand the Lord would deliver into their Hands?

^d *Reason.*] Left their aforesaid argument in defence of this opinion may not appear convincing, divines have added that of reason, and set it up to be not only an instance, but an evidence of our title over all things; as being a particular talent and blessing bestowed on mankind alone. But the Sceptics evade this again, first, by denying that it is a talent peculiar to man, since other animals appear manifestly endued with it, at least to some degree; and, if that degree be found inferior, yet the difference seems as great sometimes between one man and another, and (perhaps they may say merrily) even between themselves and their adversaries. Secondly, they find this reason to be such a narrow, misleading, uncertain faculty, that, in their opinion, it is much unworthy of being the great credential from the most high God, for domineering over all our fellow-creatures, who indeed seem neither

ther to owe us, nor pay us obedience. And if the boldest maintainer of this opinion would be persuaded to take a walk into a wilderness of wild beasts, shewing his credential among them ; it is probable they would all pay as great submission to it, as such a rational action deserved.

* *Censure, or Applause.*] Either of these, if any thing general, is enough to carry away the opinion of most people, who judge more by the ear than the eye ; of which there are ridiculous instances enough. I have seen a man who was popular, not only excused but applauded, on account of the very same action for which another lay justly under a public odium.

† *Snare.*] If we did not trust so much to this noble faculty of reason, but chiefly to our senses, as other creatures do ; we should be no more deceived than they are, who seldom play the fool and hurt themselves by their profound considerations, as many a wise man does. Was any beast ever seen to leap chearfully into a fire, like the widows and slaves of *India* ? Which tho' wives in these parts are not extremely apt to imitate ; yet, even among us, how many people, of all religions, have suffered and sought out death on several accounts, that are not much less unreasonable ?

5. *Praises.*] I believe no man had ever a greater reputation than BRUTUS, not only for learning, Parts, and eloquence, but for a quality above all that, moral honesty : whose glory therefore I would by no means endeavour to lessen, except in this single action ; nor in that neither, as to his design in doing it ; for I have a real veneration for him, but yet more for truth. I fancy the general partiality for BYUTUS, as to this killing CÆSAR, has proceeded from two causes ; first, the common custom of the world to cry up whatever they are like to be the better for ; and so on the contrary : as for example, prodigality, a vice equal to avarice, tho' not so fordid, is commonly rather commended than blamed, and called generosity, which is a virtue. Thus in commonwealths (which, by the way, have bred always the best writers) nothing could be more beneficial than killing any great aspiring person ; and therefore those refined wits put the best gloss upon such inhumanities. The other cause of their partiality is the almost unparalleled merit of the man, whose very doing a thing was enough to make every body think it just. But nothing is so dangerous as to be led into this sort of mistake for want of considering, that as the worst men do well sometimes, the very best are not infallible.

Chose.

ⁱ *Chose to live.*] This is the hardest thing I have said of BRUTUS in this whole ode ; which the thought of CÆSAR's clemency, and his ingratitude, has wrung from me : for, tho' a benefactor may carry himself afterwards so unjustly as to forfeit all title to our friendship, and perhaps to our service also ; yet to return him evil for good, is in my opinion horrible, and the very reverse of CHRIST's excellent sermon of morality. And since he killed CÆSAR after receiving a pardon of his life from him, I do BRUTUS no wrong in supposing him again capable of the same fault against another CÆSAR, whom he neither knew, nor loved so well ; since the public good and liberty of *Rome* were as much concerned in destroying one as the other.

^k *Betray.*] In this instance of betraying a friend, and in the following one of destroying one's father, or children ; my meaning only is, that whatever obligation or concern we happen to be under, it may be a good reason for sacrificing our interest to it, but not our honesty, by doing any ill-natur'd or immoral action.

^l *Can we.*] In repeating these four verses of Mr. Cowley, I have done an unusual thing ; for, notwithstanding that he is my adversary in the argu-

ment, and a very famous one too, I could not endure to let so fine a thought remain as ill expressed in this ode as it is in his ; which any body may find by comparing them together. But I would not be understood as if I pretended to correct Mr. *Cowley*, tho' expression was not his best talent : for, as I have mended these few verses of his, I doubt not but he could have done as much for a great many of mine.

^m *As strong as fine.*] I, who oppose his argument, must be allow'd to say it is not a good one ; tho' at the same time I acknowledge it to be so fine a fallacy, and to have something in it so very sublime, that it imposes on our reason, as much as *CÆSAR* did on *Rome* ; and may be a little excused by that usurper's apophthegm, *Si violandum est jus, regnandi causa est.*

ⁿ *A rape.*] Nobody argues well, who does not argue fairly ; and therefore I freely admit there was a rape in the case at first, which is not to be defended. Accordingly, if *BRUTUS* had killed *CAESAR* at the famous battle of *Pharsalia*, he might have prevented this rape, and his own crime besides in revenging it so long afterwards. But, instead of conspiring against his life at that time, he only begged his own.

A may-

• *A marriage since.*] CÆSAR was inexcusable for doing violence to his country ; yet *Rome* at last finding him so mild a governor, and so excellent a person in all respects, submitted chearfully to him ; all her greatest men, of whom BRUTUS himself was one, acquiescing entirely under his dictatorship : which has made me carry on Mr. Cowley's metaphor a little farther than he did, and give his violated matron in marriage ; supposing *Rome* a wealthy bride, who, out of kindness and prudence together, is willing enough to make the best of it, and to espouse an agreeable ravisher.

• *Fair truth.*] He was a wise man who said women were stronger than either the king or wine ; but his wisdom appeared most in preferring truth to them all. She has a beauty outshining all the art and eloquence in the world ; and I should not wonder to see a very deist willing to die a martyr for her, tho' he believed no resurrection, and expected no reward. There was one of that principle lately among the *Turks* ; a man of parts, and in nothing fantastical, who, rather than renounce some doctrines he maintained against a future life, and the foolish superstition of adoring MAHOMET, chose rather to die as calmly and as considerately as SOCRATES himself.

¹ *In this base age.*] 'Tis almost incredible what the ancients have written, and really performed of friendship. And therefore we see the famous old tragedies are often turned all upon that; whereas ours are only filled with love; which, tho' as tender a concern as the other, yet (a woman being one of the parties) is incapable of many sublime thoughts that arise among the men, a sex so much more knowing and active in the world. And even for softness itself, it will be hard to shew a scene more moving than that between AMYNTOR and MELANTIUS in the *Maid's Tragedy*; which I should be sorry to see without great emotion, since it is a shrewd sign of being both dull and ill-natured. Nobody has equalled the ancients on this subject, except MONTAGNE, who on all subjects has hardly been equalled by the moderns. The worst of it is, this friendship is a virtue which does not depend upon one's self alone to have; for in such a selfish age, one man, tho' never so capable of it, may look about a great while before he finds out another; and this contract will never hold, without an exact counterpart.

² *Assist, ye Angels.*] All religions agree in believing that superior beings assist us on some important occasions; but above all poetry, and especially

cially of this kind of it, has an established right to depend on inspiration. To speak truth, all poets have endeavoured to hide their vanity under this veil of pretended modesty ; nothing seeming more humble than to distrust themselves, and implore assistance, while at the same time they presumed that something like divine inspiration might shine out in their poems. On which occasion (these notes being already a rambling sort of rhapsody) I will venture to say a little on a subject, of which others, for aught I can find, have not said much : I mean, of that which poets call a muse, by whom they pretend to be inspired, and is by all understood to be a genius for poetry ; to which genius a poet may be allowed in some measure to pretend, because whoever wants it, tho' with never so good words and smooth cadence, is yet little better than a player at *Crambo*. My imperfect notion of a genius is this, which I submit to better judgments ; I think it a happy temper of the brain, so equally mix'd of fancy and judgment, that as great heat of imagination is apt to spring all sort of game, so the understanding faculty is still near at hand, to select the good, and to reject the rest.

• *How plainly.*] This is according to the universal opinion of angels, that they need no organs of speech among themselves ; and their thoughts are com-

communicated to one another by what the schoolmen call intuition. Which, however true or false, is enough for a poet's applying it to this subject of friendship, which seems, even among us mortals, to have something of divine in it.

* *A race as far, &c.*] According to the christian faith, the angels had a beginning, tho' they can have no end; and we have as good an opinion of our own souls also.

u *You saw and smil'd.*] Since angels are supposed to be particularly concerned for mankind (tho' I confess I think we are very unworthy of that honour) they must needs be pleased with seeing in us any sort of virtue, especially this sort of friendship, so much practised by themselves.

w *Life receiv'd.*] Besides that BRUTUS received his life once from CAESAR on the account of the civil war, he was very much suspected to be his son; and the more, because of his great fondness of him. 'Tis certain the time of CAESAR's intrigue with SERVILIA is very consistent with it. But his forgiving him at *Pharsalia* was not so much as the least proof of it; for the mother's past favours had been alone sufficient to procure a pardon for her son, especially with so merciful a nature as CAESAR'S.

Obl-

* *Obligations.*] This to some humours is like enough to appear an over-refinement; and I expect they will rather fancy to have the pleasure of receiving good turns, let who will take the other of doing them. But I appeal to many, if they have not found the doing a kindness a much greater satisfaction than receiving one. Yet I admit the latter part to be very agreeable also, when it is from worthy persons; being a new instance of their esteem and favour.

† *All.*] Because a fact committed in passion, or by inadvertence, is nothing in comparison with one done on deliberation, and by a long-laid design: which so far excused ALEXANDER's killing of CLYTUS, that it has lessened his great fame of being generous and good-natured.

² *The centre.*] This was so great a design, that none but such an extraordinary person as BRUTUS could have brought it about by his influence over all the conspirators; who being the chief patriots among the noblest people that ever the sun shined on, I cannot but think BRUTUS appears higher at the head of such an illustrious party, than CAESAR himself commanding the whole *Roman* empire.

Ample

^a *Ample marks.*] CAESAR had in a public manner given BRUTUS the preference to CASSIUS, and to all *Rome* besides, by making him chief *Prætor* a few Days before he killed him.

^b *Empire.*] It was generally believed in *Rome*, that CAESAR thought BRUTUS the fittest man to succeed him ; which therefore excuses BRUTUS so far, as it is a proof of his preferring the good of the commonwealth, not only to his best friend, but to the highest temptation of interest and ambition that could possibly be laid in any man's way.

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MISCELLANIES.

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MISSOURI ALEX

T H E
R A P T U R E.

I YIELD, I yield, and can no longer stay
 My eager thoughts, that force themselves away,
 Sure, none inspir'd (whose heat transports 'em still
 Above their reason, and beyond their will)
 Can firm against the strong impulse remain :
 Censure itself were not so sharp a pain.
 Let vulgar minds submit to vulgar sway ;
 What ignorance shall think, or malice say,
 To me are trifles ; if the knowing few,
 Who can see faults, but can see beauties too,
 Applaud that genius which themselves partake,
 And spare the poet for the muse's sake.

The muse, who raises me from humble ground,
 To view the vast and various world around :
 How fast I mount ! in what a wond'rous way
 I grow transported to this large survey !
 I value earth no more, and far below
 Methinks I see the busy pigmies go.
 My soul entranc'd is in a rapture brought
 Above the common tracks of vulgar thought :
 With fancy wing'd, I feel the purer air,
 And with contempt look down on human care.

Airy

Airy ambition, ever soaring high,
 Stands first expos'd to my censorious eye.
 Behold some toiling up a slipp'ry hill,
 Where, tho' arriv'd, they must be toiling still :
 Some, with unsteady feet, just fall'n to ground ;
 Others at top, whose heads are turning round.
 To this high sphere it happens still that some,
 The most unfit, are forwardest to come ;
 Yet among these are princes forc'd to chuse,
 Or seek out such as would perhaps refuse.
 Favour too great is safely plac'd on none ;
 And soon becomes a dragon or a drone ;
 Either remiss and negligent of all,
 Or else imperious and tyrannical.

The muse inspires me now to look again,
 And see a meaner sort of sordid men
 Doating on little heaps of yellow dust ;
 For that despising honour, ease, and lust.
 Let other bards, expressing how it shines,
 Describe with envy what the miser finds ;
 Only as heaps of dirt it seems to me,
 Where we such despicable vermin see ;
 Who creep thro' filth a thousand crooked ways,
 Insensible of infamy or praise :
 Loaded with guilt, they still pursue their course ;
 Not ev'n restrain'd by love, or friendship's force.

Not to enlarge on such an obvious thought ;
 Behold their folly, which transcends their fault !

Alas !

Alas ! their cares and cautions only tend
To gain the means, and then to lose the end.
Like heroes in romances, still in fight
For mistresses that yield them no delight.
This, of all vice, does most debase the mind,
Gold is itself th' allay to human-kind.
Oh, happy times ! when no such thing as coin
E'er tempted friends to part, or foes to join !
Cattle or corn, among those harmless men,
Was all their wealth, the gold and silver then :
Corn was too bulky to corrupt a tribe,
And bell'wing herds would have betray'd the bribe,
Ev'en traffic now is intercourse of ill,
And ev'ry wind brings a new mischief still ;
By trade we flourish in our leaves and fruit,
But av'rice and excess devour the root.

Thus far the muse unwillingly has been
Fix'd on the dull, less happy sorts of sin ;
But, now more pleas'd, she views the diff'rent ways
Of luxury, and all its charms surveys.
Dear luxury ! thou soft, but sure deceit !
Rise of the mean, and ruin of the great !
Thou sure presage of ill-approaching fates !
The bane of empires, and the change of states !
Armies in vain resist thy mighty pow'r ;
Not the worst conduct would confound them more.
Thus *Rome* herself, while o'er the world she flew,
And did by virtue all that world subdue,

K

Was

Was by her own victorious arms oppress'd,
 And catch'd infection from the conquer'd *East*;
 Whence all those vices came, which soon devour
 The best foundations of renown and pow'r.

But oh! what need have we abroad to roam,
 Who feel too much the sad effects at home,
 Of wild excess? which we so plainly find,
 Decays the body, and impairs the mind.
 But yet grave fops must not presume from hence
 To slight the sacred pleasures of the sense:
 Our appetites are nature's laws, and giv'n,
 Under the broad authentic seal of heav'n.
 Let pedants wrangle, and let bigots fight,
 To put restraint on innocent delight;
 But heav'n and nature's always in the right;
 They would not draw poor wretched mortals in,
 Or give desires that shall be doom'd for sin.
 Yet, that in height of harmless joys we may
 Last to old age, and never lose a day;
 Amidst our pleasures we ourselves should spare,
 And manage all with temperance and care.
 The gods forbid but we sometimes may steep
 Our joys in wine, and lull our cares asleep.
 It raises nature, ripens seeds of worth,
 As moist'ning pictures calls the colours forth;
 But if the varnish we too oft apply,
 Alas! like colours, we grow faint and die.

Hold,

Hold, hold, impetuous muse: I would restrain
 Her over-eager heat, but all in vain;
 Abandon'd to delights, she longs to rove;
 I check'd her here, and now she flies to love;
 Shews me some rural nymph by shepherd chas'd,
 Soon overtaken, and as soon embrac'd:
 The grass by her, as she by him is press'd;
 For shame, my muse, let fancy guess the rest:
 At such a point fancy can never stay,
 But flies beyond whatever you can say.
 Behold the silent shades, the am'rous grove,
 The dear delights, the very act of love.
 This is his lowest sphere, his country scene,
 Where love is humble, and his fare but mean;
 Yet springing up without the help of art,
 Leaves a sincerer relish in the heart,
 More healthfully, tho' not so finely fed,
 And better thrives than where more nicely bred.
 But 'tis in courts where most he makes a show,
 And high enthron'd, governs the world below;
 For tho' in histories learn'd ignorance
 Attributes all to cunning, or to chance;
 Love will in those disguises often smile,
 And knows, the cause was kindness all the while.
 What story, place, or person cannot prove
 The boundless influence of mighty love?
 Where-e'er the sun can vig'rous heat inspire,
 Both sexes glow, and languish with desire.

The weary'd swain fast in the arms of sleep
 Love can awake, and often sighing keep ;
 And busy gown-men, by fond love disguis'd,
 Will leisure find to make themselves despis'd.
 The proudest kings submit to beauty's sway ;
 Beauty itself, a greater prince than they,
 Lies sometimes languishing with all its pride
 By a belov'd, tho' fickle lover's side.
 I mean to slight the soft enchanting charm,
 But, oh ! my head and heart are both too warm.
 I doat on womankind with all their faults ;
 Love turns my satire into softest thoughts ;
 Of all that passion which our peace destroys,
 Instead of mischiefs, I describe the joys.
 But short will be his reign ; (I fear too short)
 And present cares shall be my future sport.
 Then love's bright torch put out, his arrows broke ;
 Loose from kind chains, and from th' engaging yoke,
 To all fond thoughts I'll sing such counter-charms,
 The fair shall listen in their lovers arms.

Now the enthusiastic fit is spent,
 I feel my weakness, and too late repent.
 As they who walk in dreams, oft climb too high
 For sense to follow with a waking eye ;
 And in such wild attempts are blindly bold,
 Which afterwards they tremble to behold :
 So I review these fallies of my pen,
 And modest reason is return'd agen ;

My

My confidence I curse, my fate accuse,
Scarce hold from censuring the sacred muse.

No wretched poet of the railing pit,
No critic curs'd with the wrong side of wit,
Is more severe from ignorance and spite,
Than I with judgment against all I write.

*On Mr. HOBBS, and his
Writings.*

SUCH is the mode of these censorious days,
The art is lost of knowing how to praise;
Poets are envious now, and fools alone
Admire at wit, because themselves have none.
Yet whatfo'er is by vain critics thought,
Praising is harder much than finding fault;
In homely pieces ev'n the *Dutch* excel,
Italians only can draw beauty well.

As strings, alike wound up, so equal prove,
That one resounding makes the other move;
From such a cause our satires please so much,
We sympathize with each ill-natur'd touch;
And as the sharp infection spreads about,
The reader's malice helps the writer out.
To blame, is easy; to commend, is bold;
Yet, if the muse inspires it, who can hold?

To merit we are bound to give applause,
Content to suffer in so just a cause,

While in dark ignorance we lay afraid
Of fancies, ghosts, and ev'ry empty shade ;
Great HOBBS appear'd, and by plain reason's light
Put such fantastic forms to shameful flight.
Fond is their fear, who think men needs must be
To vice enslav'd, if from vain terrors free ;
The wise and good, morality will guide,
And superstition all the world beside.

In other authors, tho' the thought be good,
'Tis not sometimes so eas'ly understood ;
That jewel oft unpolish'd has remain'd ;
Some words should be left out, and some explain'd ;
So that in search of sense, we either stray,
Or else grow weary in so rough a way.
But here sweet eloquence does always smile,
In such a choice, yet unaffected style,
As must both knowledge and delight impart,
The force of reason, with the flow'rs of art ;
Clear as a beautiful transparent skin,
Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in :
Like a delicious stream it ever ran,
As smooth as woman, but as strong as man.

BACON himself, whose universal wit
Does admiration through the world beget,
Scarce more his age's ornament is thought,
Or greater credit to his country brought.

While

While fame is young, too weak to fly away,
 Malice pursues her, like some bird of prey ;
 But once on wing, then all the quarrels cease ;
 Envy herself is glad to be at peace,
 Gives over, weary'd with so high a flight,
 Above her reach, and scarce within her fight.
 HOBBS to this happy pitch arriv'd at last,
 Might have look'd down with pride on dangers past :
 But such the frailty is of human kind,
 Men toil for fame, which no man lives to find ;
 Long rip'ning under-ground this *China* lies ;
 Fame bears no fruit, till the vain planter dies.

Thus nature, tir'd with his unusual length
 Of life, which put her to her utmost strength,
 Such stock of wit unable to supply,
 To spare herself, was glad to let him die.

Written over a Gate.

HERE lives a man, who, by relation,
 Depends upon predestination ;
 For which the learned and the wise
 His understanding much despise :
 But I pronounce with loyal tongue
 Him in the right, them in the wrong.
 For how could such a wretch succeed ?
 But that, alas, it was decreed !

The M I R A C L E, 1707.

MERIT they hate, and wit they slight;
They neither act, nor reason right,
And nothing mind but pence.
Unskilful they victorious are,
Conduct a kingdom without care,
A council without sense.

So MOSES once, and JOSHUA,
And that virago DEBORA,
Bestrid poor ISRAEL :
Like rev'rence pay to these ! for who
Could ride a nation as they do,
Without a miracle ?

*O D E on the Death of Henry
Purcell. Set to Musick.*

GOOD angels snatch'd him eagerly on high ;
Joyful they flew, finging and soaring thro' the
sky,
Teaching his new-fledg'd soul to fly ;
While we, alas ! lamenting lie.

He

He went musing all along,
 Composing new their heav'nly song.
 A while his skilful notes loud hallelujahs drown'd ;
 But soon they ceas'd their own, to catch his pleasing
 sound.

DAVID himself improv'd the harmony,
 DAVID in sacred story so renown'd
 No less for music, than for poetry !
 Genius sublime in either art !
 Crown'd with applause surpassing all desert !
 A man just after God's own heart !
 If human cares are lawful to the blest,
 Already settled in eternal rest ;
 Needs must he wish that PURCELL only might
 Have liv'd to set what he vouchsaf'd to write ;

For, sure, the noble thirst of fame
 With the frail body never dies ;
 But with the soul ascends the skies
 From whence at first it came.
 'Tis sure no little proof we have
 That part of us survives the grave,
 And in our fame below still bears a share :
 Why is the future else so much our care,
 Ev'n in our latest moment of despair ?
 And death despis'd for fame by all the wise and
 brave ?

Oh, all ye blest harmonious choir !
 Who pow'r almighty only love, and only that admire !

Look

Look down with pity from your peaceful bow'r,
 On this sad isle perplex'd,
 And ever, ever vex'd
 With anxious care of trifles, wealth, and pow'r.
 In our rough minds due reverence infuse
 For sweet melodious sounds, and each harmonious
 muse.
 Music exalts man's nature, and inspires
 High elevated thoughts, or gentle, kind desires.

*On the Loss of an only Son, Robert
 Marquis of Normanby.*

O UR morning's gay and shining ;
 The days our joys declare ;
 At ev'ning no repining ;
 And night's all void of care.

A fond transported mother
 Was often heard to cry,
 Oh, where is such an other
 So blest'd by heav'n as I ?

A child

A child at first was wanting ;
 Now such a son is sent,
 As parents most lamenting
 In him would find content.

A child, of whom kind heaven
 Not only hope bestows,
 But has already given
 Him all our hopes propose.

The happy fire's possessing
 His share in such a boy,
 Adds still a greater blessing
 To all my other joy.

But ah ! this shiny weather
 Became too hot at last ;
 Black clouds began to gather,
 And all the sky o'ercast.

So fierce a fever rages,
 We all lie drown'd in tears ;
 And dismal sad presages
 Come thund'ring in our ears.

The

The doubts that made us languish,
Did worse, far worse than kill :
Yet, oh, with all their anguish,
Would we had doubted still !

But why so much digression,
This fatal loss to show ;
Alas, there's no expression
Can tell a parent's woe !

*On Mr. POPE, and his
Poems.*

WITH age decay'd, with courts and bus'ness
tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what ease requir'd,
Too serious now a wanton muse to court,
And from the critics safe arriv'd in port ;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidst advent'rous rovers of the pen ;
And, after some small undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme ;
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n HOMER blam'd.

But to this genius, join'd with so much art,
Such various learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay ;
APOLLO bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wond'rous, so sublime a thing,
As the great *Iliad*, scarce should make me sing ;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some mens ways ;
But a much greater to give merit praise.

S T A N Z A S.

W Hene'er my foolish bent to public good,
Or fonder zeal for some misguided prince,
Shall make my dang'rous humour understood,
For changing ministers for men of sense :

When

When vainly proud to shew my public care,
And ev'n asham'd to see three nations fool'd,
I shall no longer bear a wretched share
In ruling ill, or being over-rul'd :

Then, as old lechers in a winter's night
To yawning hearers all their pranks disclose ;
And what decay deprives them of delight,
Supply with vain endeavours to impose :

Just so shall I as idly entertain
Some stripling patriots, fond of seeming wise ;
Tell, how I still cou'd great employments gain,
Without concealing truths, or whisp'ring lies ;

Boast of succeeding in my country's cause
- Ev'n against some almost too high to blame ;
Whom, when advanc'd beyond the reach of laws,
I oft have ridicul'd to sense and shame :

Say, I resisted the most potent fraud ;
But friendless merit openly approv'd ;
And that I was above the being aw'd
Not only by my prince, but those he lov'd :

Who

Who knows but my example then may please
Such noble, hopeful spirits as appear
Willing to slight their pleasures, and their ease,
For fame and honour ? till at last they hear,

After much trouble borne, and danger run,
The crown assisted, and my country serv'd ;
Without good fortune I had been undone,
Without a good estate I might have starv'd.

The Election of a POET LAUREAT
in 1719.

A Famous assembly was summon'd of late :
To crown a new *Laureat* came PHOEBUS in
state ;

With all that MONTFAUCON himself could desire,
His bow, laurel, harp, and abundance of fire.

At *Bartlemew-Fair* ne'er did bullies so juffle,
No country-election e'er made such a buffle :
From garret, mint, tavern, they all post away,
Some thirsting for sack, some ambitious of bay.

All

All came with full confidence, flush'd with vain
hope,

From CIBBER and DURFEY, to PRIOR and POPE.
PHOEBUS smil'd on these last, but yet ne'ertheless,
Said, he hop'd they had got enough by the press.

With a huge mountain-load of heroical lumber,
Which from TONSON to CURLL ev'ry press had
groan'd under;

Came BL----E, and cry'd, look, all these are my
lays;

But at present I beg you'd but read my *essays*.

Lampooners and critics rush'd in like a tide,
Stern DENNIS and GILDON came first side-by-side.
APOLLO confess'd that their lashes had stings,
But beadles and hangmen were never chose kings.

STEEL long had so cunningly manag'd the town,
He could not be blam'd for expecting the crown:
APOLLO demurr'd as to granting his wish,
But wish'd him good luck in his project of fish.

Lame CONGREVE, unable such things to endure,
Of APOLLO begg'd either a crown or a cure;
To refuse such a writer, APOLLO was loth,
And almost inclin'd to have granted him both.

When

When BUCKINGHAM came, he scarce car'd to be
seen,

Till PHOEBUS desir'd his old friend to walk in :
But a laureat peer had never been known ;
The commoners claim'd that place as their own.

Yet if the kind God had been ne'er so inclin'd
To break an old rule, yet he well knew his mind,
Who of such preferment would only make sport,
And laugh'd at all suitors for places at court.

Notwithstanding this law, yet LANSDOWN was
nam'd,

But APOLLO with kindness his indolence blam'd ;
And said he would chuse him, but that he should
fear,

An employment of trouble he never could bear.

A * prelate for wit and for eloquence fam'd,
APOLLO soon miss'd, and he needs not be nam'd ;
Since amidst a whole bench, of which some are so
bright,

No one of them shines so learn'd and polite.

To SHIPPEN, APOLLO was cold with respect,
Since he for the state could the muses neglect :

* *Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.*

But said, in a greater assembly he shin'd,
And places were things he had ever declin'd.

TR---P, Y----G and VANBRUGH expected reward,
For some things writ well ; but APOLLO declar'd,
That one was too flat, the other too rough,
And the third sure already had places enough.

Pert B-----LL came next, and demanding the bays,
Said, those works must be good, which had ADDI-
SON's praise ;

But APOLLO reply'd, child EUSTACE, 'tis known,
Most authors will praise whatsoever's their own.

Then PH-----PS came forth, as starch as a quaker,
Whose simple profession's a pastoral-maker ;
APOLLO advis'd him from playhouse to keep,
And pipe to naught else but his dog and his sheep.

H----HES, F---TON, and G---Y, came last in the
train,

Too modest to ask for the crown they would gain :
PHOEBUS thought them too bashful, and said they
would need

More boldness, if ever they hop'd to succeed,

APOLLO, now driv'n to a cursed quandary,
Was wishing for SWIFT, or the fam'd lady MARY :
Nay,

Nay, had honest TOM SOUTHERN but been within
call----

But at last he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them all :

And so spying one who came only to gaze,
A hater of verse, and despiser of plays ;
To him in great form, without any delay,
(Tho' a zealous *fanatic*) presented the bay.

All the wits stood astonish'd, at hearing the god
So gravely pronounce an election so odd :
And tho' PRIOR and POPE only laugh'd in his face,
Most others were ready to sink in the place.

Yet some thought the vacancy open was kept,
Concluding the bigot would never accept :
But the hypocrite told them, he well understood,
Tho' the function was wicked, the stipend was good.

At last in rush'd EUSDEN, and cry'd, " who shall
have it,

" But I, the true laureat, to whom the king gave it ?"
APOLLO begg'd pardon, and granted his claim ;
But vow'd tho', till then he ne'er heard of his name.

On the T I M E S.

SINCE in vain our parsons teach,
Hear, for once, a poet preach.

Vice has lost its very name,
Skill and coz'nage thought the same;
Only playing well the game. }

Foul contrivances we see
Call'd but ingenuity ;

Ample fortunes often made
Out of frauds in ev'ry trade,

Which an aukward child afford
Enough to wed the greatest lord.

The miser starves to raise a son ;
But, if once the fool is gone,

Years of thrift scarce serve a day,
Rake-hell squanders all away.

Husbands sneaking for a place,
Or toiling for their pay ;

While the wives undo their race
By petticoats and play :

Breeding boys to drink and dice,
Carrying girls to comedies,

Where ma-ma's intrigues are shown,
Which ere long will be their own.

Having

Having first at sermon slept,
 'Tedious day is weekly kept
 By worse hypocrites, than men,
 Till *Monday* comes to cheat agen.
 Ev'n among the noblest-born,
 Moral virtue is a scorn ;
 Gratitude, but rare at best ;
 And fidelity a jest.
 All our wit but party-mocks ;
 All our wisdom raising stocks :
 Counted folly to defend
 Sinking side, or falling friend.
 Long an officer may serve ;
 Prais'd and wounded, he may starve :
 No receipt, to make him rise,
 Like inventing loyal lies.
 We, whose ancestors have shin'd
 In arts of peace, and fields of fame,
 To ill and idleness inclin'd,
 Now are grown a public shame.
 Fatal that intestine jar,
 Which produc'd our civil war !
 Ever since, how sad a race !
 Senseless, violent, and base !

ON THE

DUKE of YORK

Banished to *Brussels*.

I Feel a strange impulse, a strong desire,
(For what vain thoughts will not a muse inspire?)

To sing on lofty subjects, and to raise
My own low fame, by writing JAMES's praise,

Oft have we heard the wonders of his youth;
Observ'd those seeds of fortitude and truth;
Which since have spread so wide, so wondrous high,
The good distress'd beneath that shelter lie.

In arms more active than ev'n war requir'd,
And in the midst of mighty chiefs admir'd.
Of all heav'n's gifts, no temper is so rare,
As so much courage, mix'd with so much care,

When martial fire makes all the spirits boil,
And forces youth to military toil;
No wonder it should fiercely then engage;
Women themselves will venture in a rage:
But in the midst of all that furious heat,
While so intent on actions brave and great,
For other lives to feel such tender fears,
And careless of his own, to care for theirs;

Is

Is that composure which a hero makes,
 And which illustrious YORK alone partakes,
 With that great * man whose fame has flown so far,
 Who taught him first the noble art of war.

Oh wondrous pair ! whom equal virtues crown ;
 Oh worthy of each other's vast renown !
 None but TURENNE with YORK could glory share,
 And none but YORK deserve so great a master's care.

Scarce was he come to bless his native isle,
 And reap the soft reward of glorious toil,
 But like ALCIDES, still new dangers call
 His courage forth, and still he vanquish'd all.

At sea, that bloody scene of boundless rage,
 Where floating castles in fierce flames engage,
 (Where MARS himself does frowningly command,
 And by lieutenants only fights at land)
 For his own fame howe'er he fought before,
 For *England's* honour yet he ventur'd more.

In those black times, when faction raging high,
 Valour and innocence were forc'd to fly,
 With YORK they fled ; but not deprest his mind ;
 Still, like a diamond in the dust, it shin'd.
 When from afar his drooping friends beheld
 How in distress he ev'n himself excell'd ;
 How to his envious fate, his country's frown,
 His brother's will, he sacrific'd his own ;

* *The Marechal de Turenne.*

They rais'd their hearts, and never doubted more
But that just heav'n would all our joys restore.

So when black clouds surround heav'n's glorious
face,

Tempestuous darkness cov'ring all the place ;
If we discern but the least glimm'ring ray
Of that bright orb of fire which rules the day ;
The chearful fight our fainting courage warms ;
Fix'd upon that, we fear no future harms.

On the D E I T Y.

WRetched mankind ! void of both strength and
skill !

Dextrous at nothing but at doing ill !
In merit humble, in pretensions high ;
Among them none, alas ! more weak than I ;
And none more blind : tho' still I worthless thought
The best I ever spoke, or ever wrote.

But zealous heat exalts the humblest mind ;
Within my soul such strong impulse I find
The heav'nly tribute of due praise to pay :
Perhaps 'tis sacred, and I must obey.

Yet

Yet such the subjects, various, and so high !
Stupendous wonders of the Deity !
Miraculous effects of boundless pow'r !
And that as boundless goodness shining more !
All these, so numberless, my thoughts attend,
Oh where shall I begin, or ever end ?

But on that theme which ev'n the wise abuse,
So sacred, so sublime, and so abstruse,
Abruptly to break off, wants no excuse. }

While others vainly strive to know Thee more,
Let me in silent reverence adore ;
Wishing that human pow'r were higher rais'd,
Only that Thine might be more nobly prais'd !
Thrice happy angels in their high degree ;
Created worthy of extolling Thee !

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THE
TRAGEDY
OF

JULIUS CÆSAR,

ALTERED:

With a PROLOGUE and CHORUS;

By his GRACE

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM,

THE
TRAGEDY

JULIUS CAESAR

A TRAGEDY

With a Prologue and Choruses

By W. G. W.

JOHN DODGE OF BUCKINGHAM

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P R O L O G U E

To the ALTERATION of

J U L I U S C Æ S A R.

*H*ope to mend SHAKESPEAR ! or to match his stile !
 'Tis such a jest, would make a stoic smile.

Too fond of fame, our poet soars too high ;

Yet freely owns he wants the wings to fly :

So sensible of his presumptuous thought,

That he confesses while he does the fault :

This to the fair will no great wonder prove,

Who oft in blushes yield to what they love.

Of greatest actions, and of noblest men,
 This story most deserves a poet's pen.

For who can wish a scene more justly fam'd,

When Rome and mighty JULIUS are but nam'd !

That state of heroes, who the world had brav'd !

That wond'rous man, who such a state enslav'd !

Yet loth he was to take so rough a way,

And after govern'd with so mild a sway,

At distance now of sev'nteen hundred years,

Methinks a lovely ravisher appears ;

Whom, tho' forbid by virtue to excuse,

A nymph might pardon, and could scarce refuse.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR, Dictator.

BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

DEC. BRUTUS,

TREBONIUS,

CASCA,

M. ANTONIUS,

} Conspirators.

JUNIUS, One of CÆSAR's Freedmen.

PORTIA, Wife of BRUTUS.

LUCIUS, One of his servants.

Senators.

Priests.

Tradesmen and Citizens.

SPURINNA, A Sooth-sayer.

This play begins the day before CÆSAR's death,
and ends within an hour after it.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter two Roman senators at one door, TREBONIUS and CASCA at another.

I SENATOR.

HAIL, good TREBONIUS.

2 SENATOR.

Health to worthy CASCA.

Will you go with us to the sports to-day ?

I SENATOR.

Before this CÆSAR's time, we had no shews
Magnificent as these.

TREBONIUS.

But we had triumphs :

And tho' the conqueror sat high exalted,

We all partook both of his fame and merit :

The gaz'd-on warrior in the gilded chariot

Enjoy'd his fill of fame, but, as *Rome's* subject :

And

And, to his great renown in glorious arms,
A higher, much more valu'd crown, was added ;
Immortal praise for serving well his country.

CASCA.

Oh how our hearts were fir'd at POMPEY's triumphs !
The blood more lively danc'd within our veins :
The very image of it strikes my fancy !
Methinks I see a thousand noble captives
Drooping with grief, which yet was lighter made
By his kind usage. After came the treasures ;
Our treasures ! for it was not then as now,
When one man's greedy gripe ingrosses all.
We did not, as law-suitors for contention,
Disburse more charges than the prize was worth ;
Grow beggars, only to make others rich.

TREBONIUS.

But then, at last, behold ev'n captive kings
In golden chains with pensive thought look down,
Remembring they had us'd their subjects worse.

CASCA.

Yet shew'd a gloomy comfort through their sadness,
For being vanquish'd by so brave a people.

TREBONIUS.

Which of us, then, oh which of us went home
From such a spectacle unmov'd with joy,
With virtuous pride, to see our blood well spent,
Our treasures manag'd, and our glory rais'd ?

CASCA.

CASCA.

Yet ev'n to POMPEY, chief of all our state,
No *Roman* but disdain'd a mean submission ;
A tribute only owing to the gods,

TREBONIUS.

But now we crouch, and stand in servile awe ;
Like children, fear the goblin we have made.
This CÆSAR, tho' dictator, is our creature,
And from election all his pride proceeds.

CASCA.

We meet these murmurs now in ev'ry mouth ;
Ill-boding sounds to late unsettled pow'r,
Like new-built houses, easily blown down.

TREBONIUS.

Yet CÆSAR, still intrepidly serene,
Goes proudly on, despising us, and danger.

S C E N E II.

Enter a crowd of common tradesmen

CASCA.

What's all this croud, and whither are ye going,
My gazing fellow-citizens ? To wait
On your own shame, and stare upon your bondage ?

I TRADESMAN.

I know not what you mean by shame and bondage :
We go to see great CÆSAR, and the sports.

M

CASCA.

CASCA.

And much good do you, friend : you little think,
The man you so admire would be your master.

TRADESMAN.

My master ! he would scorn so mean a servant.
I hope you will not jest at mighty CÆSAR !

[CASCA laughs.]

CASCA.

I only laugh at you for loving CÆSAR.

TRADESMAN.

Oh, is that all ? Well, Sir, make bold with me ;
But have a care of meddling with your betters.

CASCA.

Betters ! thou sawcy citizen, be silent.

TRADESMAN.

Then I am hush'd. Speak you, Sir.

CASCA.

What, to fools ?

To men, whose minds are sunk in low submission ?
Born free, and yet contented to be slaves ?
Form'd like the dull strong horse, to bear a rider ?
Well, we may wish, and vent our rage in curses :
May CÆSAR——

TRADESMAN.

Hold ; and hear if he speaks treason.

CASCA.

CASCA.

May CÆSAR live, as long as good men wish him !

TRADESMAN.

Why, what does this man mean ? he prays for
CÆSAR.

Long may he live *Rome's* great, and wise dictator !

TREBONIUS.

Oh, my good friends, how blind are those desires !
Did you but know how much you curse yourselves,
No people, sure, would be such self-destroyers,
Tho' but in wish. Did ever men before
Pray for continuance of a tyrant ague
That shakes their very souls ? See, how *Rome*
trembles,

And looks all pale, with loss of guiltless blood !
Who has not lost a kinsman, or a friend,
Whose honest life the war has sacrific'd
To this man's wild ambition ?
Nay, are not you dead too ? since in his pow'r
To kill you when he pleases ? with this diff'rence ;
That death, once come, frees you from all its force,
Which ev'ry hour you now expect with terror.
Before this fatal time each good man here
Was master of the world, and shar'd the pow'r ;
Kings waited on your votes, and watch'd your wills :
But now (I weep to say how sad a change !)
The greatness, nay the goodness of this CÆSAR,
Is founded on our baseness : for, alas !

M 2

What

What must we be, to be forgiv'n by him ?
 And do you think, because he gives you pleasures,
 Treats you with shows, and popular appearance,
 That all this seeming softness is not shadow ?
 A very trick to lull your thoughts asleep,
 And then subject them ? make them mild, and tame,
 Fit for the servile use of being subjects ?
 Those lofty thoughts, which, like true mettled
 hawks,
 Were us'd to fly so strong, and soar so high,
 Which nature has design'd to prey on tyrants,
 And not to serve them ; now are whistled off
 With ev'ry pageant pomp, and gawdy show.
 For shame ! repent of such a childish folly ;
 And rather tear, like CATO, your own bowels,
 Than live to see your country torn by tyrants.

CASCA.

And POMPEY too, methinks, should be remember'd,
 Who died for you so lately ; on whose ruin
 This CÆSAR stands, and scorns us all beneath him.

TREBONIUS.

See if they are not mov'd ; the *Roman* soul
 Now swells within them. Go, my worthy friends ;
 And, if you needs will see your tyrant's triumph,
 Gaze on him then with angry envious eyes :
 Be ev'ry one a *Basilisk* to him ;
 Kill him with staring.

1st CITIZEN.

1st CITIZEN.

Farewel, worthy lords !

You love your country, and we love you for it.

TREBONIUS.

Shall we not be accus'd for this ?

CASCA.

No matter ;

We break no laws either of gods or men :

So, if we fall, it is with reputation ;

A fate which cowards shun, and brave men seek.

If CÆSAR punish men for speaking truth,

My honest tongue shall dare his utmost doom.

But here he comes, with all that pomp and pride

In which young pow'r so childishly delights,

S C E N E III.

Enter CÆSAR attended by ANTONY, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and many other senators : sits down in a magnificent seat, to behold several divertisements after the Roman manner. When the sports are ended, ANTONY presents him a Crown.

ANTONIUS.

Hail, mighty man ! thou godlike CÆSAR, hail !

Stoop to our wishes, and vouchsafe to wear

This crown, presented thee by all mankind :

M 3

Shine

Shine on us, like the sun, in your full lustre ;
 While *Rome* reviv'd lies basking in your beams,
 And flourishes beneath that kind^l heat.
 Adorn us with your pow'r, and make us proud
 Of being subjects to so great a king.

CÆSAR.

I am not call'd your king, but your dictator ;
 [CÆSAR descends from his seat to
 the middle of the stage.

A name, I hope, that bears as great a sound ;
 If not, 'tis no vain titles that can help it :
 Therefore I both refuse, and slight a crown,
 [He puts back the crown with his hand,
 at which the people shout for joy.

Which can add nothing to my power, or *Rome's*.
 I'm glad, my friends, you are so easily pleas'd
 With my refusing what I think below me ;
 Were it above me, I should quickly reach it.
 Your kings, it seems, exerted pow'r so ill,
 That you expell'd the hated name for ever.
 But 'tis the tyranny, not name, ye fear ;
 And that my soul abhors, as much as you.
 Witness, ye gods, I have no other aim
 Than to advance your good, and my own honour.

ANTONIUS.

Take then this crown, which seems so much for
 both ; [Offering the crown once more.
 For pow'r well plac'd, can never be too great.

I

CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

Again ! this needs not ; 'tis unseemly joy ;

*[CÆSAR refuses it, and they shout
a second time.]*

It looks as if you doubted me before,
And are surpriz'd to find my moderation.

ANTONIUS.

'Tis I, Sir, am surpriz'd ; but 'tis with grief,

[He offers the crown the third time.]

To see you shun a pow'r, you ought to seek ;
At least, reject it not with such irrev'rence ;
Crowns are the fairest presents of the gods.

CÆSAR.

Again !

*[He refuses it again, and they
shout a third time.]*

Peace, you unmannerly, unthinking croud !
Are you so pleas'd ? and have I no way left
But this, to be as popular as POMPEY ?
How have I us'd my pow'r, that you should fear it ?
Then, to be more secure, here take my life ;
I freely offer it to ev'ry Roman :
Let out that blood, you think boils with ambition ;
I'd rather lose it, than out-live my fame ;
Nor wou'd accept of pow'r, unless to please.
I feel their pulses, and I find them beat

[To ANTONY aside.]

Fev'rish, and high, unfit for my designs :

M 4

Their

Their reason lost, they rave for liberty,
Like lunatics, confin'd for their own good,
Strive for a fatal freedom to be ruin'd.

ANTONIUS.

Therefore in pity, Sir, restrain them more.

CÆSAR.

I'll guard them from themselves, their own worst
foes;

And will have pow'r to do whate'er I please;
Yet bear my thunder in a gentle hand.

Like JOYE, I'll sit above; but 'tis to show
My love and care of all the world below.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER.

Some other sports are in the field of MARS,
And only wait your presence.

CÆSAR.

Let us go.

The ev'ning is far spent, it will be dark;
And I, thou know'st, have not been well to-day.

[To BRUTUS,

Exeunt CÆSAR, and ANTONY.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

CASSIUS.

Will you not wait on CÆSAR to the course?

BRUTUS,

Not I,

CASSIUS,

How so?

BRUTUS.

I am not fit for sports;

I want the airy humour of MARC ANTONY.

Let me not hinder, CASSIUS, your desires.

CASSIUS.

BRUTUS, I have observ'd you much of late;

I have not from your eyes that gentleness,

And show of love, which I was us'd to find:

Pardon my cares, that only come from kindness;

Your carriage is a little too reserv'd,

And strange, to friends who would be more familiar.

BRUTUS.

CASSIUS, mistake me not: if I have veil'd

My look, I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself: I am of late

Troubled with passions of a diff'rent nature,

Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which give perhaps some soil to my behaviour.

I

But

But let not therefore my good friends complain,
(Amongst which number CASSIUS is the chief)
Nor misinterpret farther my neglect ;
But think poor BRUTUS, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS.

I am most glad to find I was mistaken.
That error made this breast of mine conceal
Thoughts of great value, worthy of your ear :
Tell me, good BRUTUS, can you see your face ?

BRUTUS.

No, CASSIUS ; for, the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection from some other thing.

CASSIUS.

'Tis just : then know, 'tis much lamented, BRUTUS,
That you have no such mirror as might show
(Spite of your modesty) your own hid worth ;
That you for once might see the noble shadow.
I have heard some, of the best rank in *Rome*,
(Except immortal CÆSAR) talk of BRUTUS ;
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd, that noble BRUTUS had his eyes.

BRUTUS.

Into what dangers wou'd you lead me, CASSIUS,
That you would have me look into myself
For that which is not in me ?

CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

BRUTUS, hear ;

And since, you know, you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection ; I, your glass,
Will without all disguise discover now
That of yourself, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle BRUTUS.
Were I some slight buffoon, or us'd to flatter,
To cloy each man I meet with proffer'd love,
And then betray him ; did I use to fawn,
And hug men hard, then crush them with my
scandal ;

Or if you ever knew me riotous
To loss of reason ; then you might suspect me.
What shouts are these ? *[A great shout.]*

BRUTUS.

I hope, like those just now,
For joy that CÆSAR has refus'd the crown.

CASSIUS.

If you hope that, you would not have him king.

BRUTUS.

I would not, CASSIUS ; yet I love him well.

CASSIUS.

And do you think he would forgive that wish,
Or would accept your love, with that allay ?

BRUTUS.

If just, he will ; and, if unjust, I care not.

But

But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
I see you labour with some weighty thing.
If it be tow'rds the general good, speak quickly ;
I am in haste to meet your noble thoughts.
Set virtue in my eye, and let grim death
Shake his unheeded dart, I'll still be fix'd.
For, may the gods so help me, as, for honour,
I look indiff'rently on life or death.

CASSIUS.

I know your virtue, BRUTUS, and dare trust it.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but for my single self,
I'll chuse much rather not to live at all,
Than live to be in awe of any thing.
I was born free as CÆSAR ; so are you :
We both are bred as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled *Tiber* turn'd into a foam,
CÆSAR says to me, CASSIUS, dar'st thou now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ? Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plung'd me in,
And bade him follow ; so indeed he did ;
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside ;

But

But yet, ere we could reach the point propos'd,
CÆSAR cry'd, help me, CASSIUS, or I sink!
Just as ÆNEAS, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of *Troy* bear on his shoulders
The old ANCHISES, I from *Tiber's* waves
Bore the tir'd CÆSAR : yet this feeble man
Is now become a god ; and CASSIUS is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If CÆSAR give him but a careless nod.
A strange disease possesses him sometimes :
This day I saw him fall into his fit :
(That which delay'd the sports till afternoon.)
This god has fall'n to ground, and foam'd at mouth ;
His limbs have trembled, and his eyes have roll'd ;
Yet now his look must awe the trembling world,
Nay, I have heard him groan, like a sick girl ;
And that smooth tongue which us'd to move so much,
And make the *Romans* set down all it said,
Would falter then, and stammer out strange things.
Gods ! why should one of such a feeble temper
Be set upon the top of all this world,
To look down on mankind ?

[A shout.]

BRUTUS.

Another shout ! sure *Rome* is turn'd a revel !

[Another shout.]

I fear at least they crown him with applause.

CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

Why, man, he now bestrides the narrow world,
 Like a *Colossus* ; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men, at some times, are masters of their fates ;
 The fault, dear BRUTUS, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 BRUTUS and CÆSAR ! where's the difference ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Shout BRUTUS, and the echo is as loud :
 BRUTUS and CÆSAR ! conjure with those names,
 BRUTUS will start a spirit, as soon as CÆSAR.
 Now in the name of all the gods at once,
 On what high fame does this our CÆSAR feed,
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd !
Rome, thou hast lost thy breed of noble blood !
 When did there pass an age, since time first was,
 That the whole world resounded but one man ?
 When could they say, till now, who talk'd of *Rome*,
 That her wide walls contain'd one single hero ?
 O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a BRUTUS once, who kill'd his sons,
 And would have slain his dearest friend, nay father,
 Rather than suffer *Rome* to be enslav'd.

BRUTUS.

That CASSIUS loves me, I am nothing jealous ;

What

What you would work me to, I have some aim ;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
I would not (if with love I might intreat it)
Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider ; what you have to say,
I will with patience bear, and find a time
Both fit to hear, and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, remember this ;
BRUTUS had rather be a villager,
A worthless stranger, than a son of *Rome*,
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS.

I am happy,
That my weak words have drawn thus much from
BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

A sudden storm ! I'll leave you, noble CASSIUS ;
[*Excessive thunder and lightning on a sudden.*]
We are observ'd. At midnight, if you please,
We'll meet again, and talk of this more largely.

CASSIUS.

I will not fail to wait on worthy BRUTUS.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

S C E N E

SCENE V.

Enter CASCA and CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

Who's there?

CASCA.

A Roman.

CASSIUS.

CASCA, by your voice:

CASCA.

Your air is good. The air is strangely chang'd!

CASSIUS.

A very harmless air to honest men.

CASCA.

Who ever knew the heavens threaten so?

CASSIUS.

Who ever knew the earth so full of faults?
For my part, I'll walk still about the streets,
Submitting to the dangers of the storm;
Unbutton'd thus, and careless, as you see,
Will bare my bosom to the thunderbolt,
Just as the fiery flash begins to dart.

CASCA.

But wherefore would you so much tempt the gods?

Sure

Sure, 'tis our part rather to fear and tremble,
When they, for causes to poor men unknown,
Send dreadful heralds to denounce a war.

CASSIUS.

You are dull, CASCA ; and those sparks of fire,
That should inflame a *Roman* breast, you want,
Or else dissemble : you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and lose yourself in wonder,
To see this strange disorder in the heav'ns :
Think on the earth, good CASCA ; think on *Rome* ;
If fiery meteors, and fool-frighting ghosts,
If monstrous births, and strange portentous things,
As you believe, break nature's settled course ;
'Tis to accompany this monstrous state.

I could now, CASCA, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night, which thunders,
 lightens,

Tears open graves, and keeps us all in terror :
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In real might, in worth ; yet grown a giant ;
And ev'ry *Roman* else seems but a pigmy.

CASCA.

It is not hard to guess the man you mean.

CASSIUS.

No matter for his name ; for *Romans* now
Have limbs and sinews, like their ancestors ;
But where the minds of all our famous fathers ?

N

Dead,

Dead, dead with them ! we have our mothers spirits ;
'Tis womanish to see, and suffer this.

CASCA.

Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish CÆSAR for their king ;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In ev'ry place, but here in *Italy*.

CASSIUS.

I know where I shall wear this dagger then.
CASSIUS from bondage will deliver CASSIUS.
Herein the poor are rich, the weak most strong ;
By this, the wretched mock at base oppression ;
The meanest are victorious o'er the mighty.
Not tow'rs of stone, nor walls of harden'd brass,
Nor airless dungeons, the poor strength of tyrants !
Not all the strongest guards, nor heaviest chains,
Can in the least controul the mighty spirit.
For, noble life, when weary of itself,
Has always pow'r to shake it off, at pleasure.
Since I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny prepar'd for me,
I can and will defy.

CASCA.

And so can I.

Thus ev'ry bondman in his own hand bears
The pow'r to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

And why should CÆSAR be a tyrant then ?
Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the *Romans* are but sheep :
He were no lion, if we were not lambs.
But oh, disorder'd grief ! where hast thou led me !
I speak, perhaps, before a willing bondman,
One whom tame fools miscall a mod'rate man ;
That is, a mean complier with the times.
But I am arm'd within against all danger.

CASCA.

CASSIUS, you speak to CASCA, to a man
Whose thoughts have all this while out-gone your
words ;
Here, take my hand, and make what use of it
The times and our necessities require ;
I am resolv'd.

CASSIUS.

Then, there's a bargain made.
Now know, good CASCA, I have mov'd already
Some of the boldest noblest-minded *Romans*
To undertake with me an enterprize
Of honourable, dang'rous consequence.
They now all stay for me in POMPEY's porch,
And such a night as this requires a shelter ;
A night, that's like the noble work in hand,
All black, and terrible ! but soft ; stand close.

N 2

Enter

Enter TREBONIUS.

CASCA.

TREBONIUS ! now I know him by his gait.

CASSIUS.

He is a friend ; pray hold ; whither so fast ?

TREBONIUS.

To look out you. Who's that, METELLUS CIMBER ?

CASSIUS.

No, 'tis our CASCA, one as bold and honest.

Am I not stay'd for ?

TREBONIUS.

What a night is this !

There's two or three of us have seen strange fights !

CASSIUS.

Well, let 'em see them. Tell me, am I staid for ?

TREBONIUS.

You are.

O CASSIUS, if you could prevail with BRUTUS ;

He, as a band, would tye our party strong.

CASCA.

Why, is not BRUTUS one ? I thought him sure.

CASSIUS.

Be you content. TREBONIUS, take this scroll,

And look you lay it in the ready way,

Where BRUTUS needs must find it ; then, throw
this

In

In at his window ; set this up with wax
Upon all BRUTUS' statue : all this done,
Repair to POMPEY's porch, where you shall find us.
Is DECIUS BRUTUS, and MARULLUS there ?

TREBONIUS.

All, all are there, except METELLUS CIMBER ;
And he is gone to seek you at your house.

CASSIUS.

Away then ; lose no time : come, my good CASCA,
We will go visit BRUTUS yet ere day :
Three parts of that good man are ours already,
And, on the next assault, he yields entire.

CASCA.

Oh, he sits high, in all the people's hearts.

CASSIUS.

So, that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like the great art of chymists,
Will change to virtue, and to noble deeds.

CASCA.

Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have consider'd well. Come, let's make haste.

CASSIUS.

The sun that sees him next, shall find him ours.

[*Exeunt.*]

Instead of the music usually play'd between the acts, the following verses are, after this act, to be sung by a chorus representing the Roman people.

FIRST CHORUS.

I.

WHITHER is *Roman* honour gone ?
 Where is our antient virtue now ?
 That valour, which so bright has shone,
 And with the wings of conquest flown,
 Must to a haughty master bow :
 Who, with our toil, our blood, and all we have
 beside,
 Gorges his ill-got pow'r, his humour, and his pride.

II.

Fearless he will his life expose ;
 So does a lion, or a bear ;
 His very virtues threaten those,
 Who more his bold ambition fear,
 How stupid wretches we appear,
 Who round the world for wealth and empire roam ;
 Yet never, never think what slaves we are at home.

III.

III.

Did men, for this, together join ;
Quitting the free wild life of nature ?
What other beast did e'er design
The setting up his fellow-creature,
And of two mischiefs chuse the greater ?
Oh ! rather than be slaves to bold imperious men,
Give us our wildness, and our woods, our huts,
and caves again.

IV.

There, secure from lawless sway,
Out of pride or envy's way ;
Living up to nature's rules,
Not deprav'd by knaves and fools ;
Happily we all should live, and harmless as our sheep,
And at last as calmly die, as infants fall asleep.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

BRUTUS *alone in his House undrest.*

HE would be king ; nay, will be, if he lives ;
This most important day disclos'd that secret :
Ambition, like a mad tempestuous sea,
Swell'd him above the bounds of wise dissembling,
And ended all our hopes of future freedom.
Justice and liberty ! farewell for ever !
If BRUTUS is thus sensible of slav'ry,
I, who am CÆSAR's friend, and partial for him ?
What is it then to others ? to those thousands,
Who must lie heap'd in dust, to raise him higher ?
But my own words reproach me ; can I call
Myself his friend, and yet consent to kill him ?
By heav'n, no less than plain ingratitude !
That heavy load presses my tender mind ;
I cannot bear it. Nay, this CÆSAR also
Is humbly brave, and gentle in his greatness ;
Apt for converse, and easy of access ;
Skill'd in all arts, matchless in eloquence ;
In war and business indefatigable.
Bounteous as nature, merciful as heav'n ;
In all, sublime, high, and unparallel'd,
Yet oft humility is but the ladder,
By which th' ambitious climber gets so high ;

But,

But, when he once attains the upmost round,
Then strait he throws the useleſs engine down,
Looks in the clouds, and ſcorns the low degrees
By which he did aſcend. Then *Rome* is loſt !
But is there no way left us, but his death ?
What ! kill the beſt, the braveſt of mankind,
Only for jealousy ! of being ſlaves.
Oh diſmal ſound ! who can dread that too much ?
The fear of ſlavery is fortitude.
And, to adviſe him ! no, 'tis eaſier
To kill a tyrant amidſt all his guards,
Than give him counſel for his country's good.
This CÆSAR's prudence may a while reſtrain him ;
But if ambition once transports his mind,
Down ſink at once all thoughts of right or reaſon.
Goodneſs of nature makes ſome ſtruggle in him ;
But ev'n that goodneſs will incline to think,
Rome ſhall be happier, when himſelf is higher.
LUCIUS, awake ; what ho ! why LUCIUS !
I would it were my fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.
LUCIUS, awake, awake !

LUCIUS.

Call you, my lord ?

BRUTUS.

Get me a taper in my ſtudy, boy ;
Then come and call me ſtrait.

[*Exit LUCIUS ; re-enters immediately.*]

LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Here is a scroll
Newly thrown in at window, fast seal'd up.

BRUTUS.

Give it me, boy, and haste to light the taper.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

'Tis not yet day, but such a fiery night,
That I may make a shift to read this parchment.

"BRUTUS, awake; for *Rome* has lost her rest,

[Reads.]

"And takes it ill that thou shouldst sleep so soundly:

"Awake, and strike! --- There was a BRUTUS
once---

"And TARQUIN"---Ha! thus I must piece it out;

There was a BRUTUS who redeem'd his country,
And did what now we all expect from thee.

"Shall *Rome*"---'Tis dark, but sure it must be thus.

[Reads.]

"Shall *Rome*, the mistress of the prostrate world,

"Be ravish'd by a tyrant? BRUTUS, strike."

O *Rome*! and dost thou call upon thy BRUTUS?

Am I thought worthy of thy choice? 'Tis done;

Thou shalt not wait for aid that I can bring thee.

Enter LUCIUS again.

LUCIUS.

Somebody knocks at the gate: Sir, shall I open?

I

BRUTUS

BRUTUS.

See who 'tis first; go boy, and bring me word.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

Would it were over once; I cannot rest:

In such a plot there is no peace of mind:

The harshness of this deed would sink my spirits,

Did not assisting justice hold me up.

Enter LUCIUS with a Taper.

LUCIUS.

'Tis CASSIUS, my lord.

BRUTUS.

Is he alone?

LUCIUS.

No, but I could not well perceive the rest,

Their faces are so muffled in their robes.

BRUTUS.

Let them come in. They are the faction!

S C E N E II.

*Enter CASSIUS, and the rest of the conspirators,
muffled up, in their robes.*

BRUTUS.

Welcome, good brother CASSIUS: welcome all.

CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

Welcome the hour that brings us thus together.

BRUTUS.

Know I these men ?

CASSIUS.

You know them, and their hearts,
Which are all set upon the noble BRUTUS.
This is TREBONIUS, this DECIUS BRUTUS,
This CINNA, CASCA, and METELLUS CIMBER :
Your friends, and followers all.

BRUTUS.

They are most welcome.

CASSIUS.

BRUTUS, a word.

[They whisper.]

CASCA.

If BRUTUS will but join,
Our fabric's firm, and nothing then can shake it :
He is the cement that must hold us fast.

BRUTUS.

Well, noble lords, I am at last resolv'd ;
Ev'n against friendship, justice has prevail'd.
Give me your resolute hands.

CASSIUS.

And let us swear.

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

No oath : the cause already is so sacred,
There is no need of oaths to make it more :
If sense of slavery, and noble shame,
If thirst of honest fame in after-ages,
If glorious justice cannot move our souls,
They are too weak for such a deed as this ;
Break off betimes, and ev'ry *Roman* here
Retire with blushes to his idle bed ;
And then let tyranny for ever range,
Till each man falls unpity'd : but if these
(As who dares make a doubt ?) are noble *Romans* ;
What needs a tie among us, but our words ?
Plain honesty to honesty engag'd,
That CÆSAR shall not live to laugh at cowards.
Let priests, and women swear, and feeble minds,
Which, wav'ring still, need such a childish check :
We are above such helps, and steady bear
Our even souls, without one doubtful start.
What *Roman* dares be base in such a business ?
Reckon his guilt, and shame, he ventures more
Than if he did attempt ten thousand tyrants.

CASSIUS.

But what of CICERO ? Shall we sound him ?
His gravity will countenance our heat.

TREBONIUS.

No need of that, now BRUTUS is engag'd.

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

I know him well, believe him just and wise ;
Yet vanity a little clouds his virtue :
Nor is he bold enough for such a business.
The horse that starts, however good besides,
In war is troublesome, nay, dangerous.

DECIVS BRUTUS.

But ANTONY, so well belov'd by CÆSAR,
That instrument of all his tyranny,
If he survive, will be another CÆSAR:

TREBONIUS.

DECIVS, well urg'd ; ANTONIVS must die.

BRUTUS.

Oh ! by no means ; our course will seem too bloody,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs :
'Twill look like anger, nay, like envy too ;
For ANTONY is great by CÆSAR's favour.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers.
We only draw our swords against ambition ;
Not against CÆSAR's person, but his power :
Oh ! that we, then, could come at CÆSAR's spirit,
Abate his pride, and yet not spill his blood ! [*Sighs.*
It cannot be, CÆSAR, alas ! must bleed.
Yet, gentle friends !
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's serve him up, a dish fit for the gods ;
Not mangled, as a feast to beasts of prey.

Our

Our hearts should melt, like those of tender parents,
Who oft in sharp, but necessary rage,
Correct offending children with remorse,
Feeling more pain than what they make them suffer.
This mercy too looks better to the world,
Which shall not call us murderers, but heroes.
As for ANTONIUS therefore, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than CÆSAR's arm,
When CÆSAR's head is off.

TREBONIUS.

But yet I fear him :
For he loves CÆSAR, and is most audacious.

BRUTUS.

I hope that loving CÆSAR is no fault ;
Else I confess that I am guilty too :
If he loves CÆSAR, all that he can do
Is to be griev'd, and pine away for CÆSAR :
And it were strange he should ; for he is giv'n
Too much to wildness, company, and pleasures.

CASSIUS.

There is no fear of him ; let him not die ;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

But hold, how late's the night ?

BRUTUS.

'Tis five, at least.

CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

O how I long to welcome the eighth hour,
The wish'd alarm to our great purposes !

DECIUS BRUTUS.

'Tis time to part, lest at our sev'ral homes
We should be miss'd too long.

CASSIUS.

But what if CÆSAR

Should forbear coming to the capitol ?
The unaccustom'd terror of this night
May move the augurs to forbid his going :
And, tho' himself's above such idle fears,
Yet the most wise and brave must yield to custom.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Never doubt that : and tho' he were resolv'd,
I can o'er sway him ; for he loves to hear me.
Prudence, tho' much superior, often yields
To subtle mirth, and sly insinuation.
If CÆSAR stay at home, because it thunders,
I can in jest reproach him with his fear ;
He'll laugh, yet fear he should be thought afraid.

BRUTUS.

Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
But see, 'tis almost day ; some light appears.

CASSIUS.

Then let us be dispers'd, like foggy clouds,
To meet again in thunder.

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

Friends, farewell.

Only remember that we all are *Romans* ;
That thought will keep up our exalted spirits.

[*Exeunt* conspirators ; *manet* BRUTUS.]

S C E N E III.

Enter PORTIA *undress'd, as new risen from bed.*

PORTIA.

BRUTUS ! my lord, where are you ?

BRUTUS.

What, my PORTIA !

Why do you thus expose your tender health ?

PORTIA.

Can I confider health, without your love ?
You have unkindly stol'n from me to-night ?
And by your absence robb'd me of my rest :
How could my BRUTUS thus ungently leave
One so unwilling to be left by you ?

BRUTUS.

Chide not too much, my PORTIA ; and yet
There is some pleasure to be chid so kindly.
Our sex has tenderness equal to yours ;
Yet we, incumbred with vexatious cares,
No sooner bend our softer thoughts to love,

O

But

But business, like a master too severe,
Stands hov'ring over us amidst our pleasure,
And drags us to our tiresome task again.

PORTIA.

But life is short ; oh ! why should we mispend it ?
A wretch condemn'd to die within few hours,
Would think them ill employ'd in compliments :
The solemn trifles of a busy world
Are oft but compliment, compar'd with love,
Whose short and precious hours you throw away.

BRUTUS.

Dear PORTIA, now you but disturb my thoughts.

PORTIA.

Can mine be easy then ? 'Tis no small thing
Can vex your even mind, and make you froward,
Froward with me, which you was ne'er till now :
This night I folded you within these arms,
And ask'd you if you slept, if you were well ?
You said, you cou'd not sleep, and yet turn'd from
me.

BRUTUS.

Turning from thee is restlessness indeed ;
Thou only comfort to my troubled mind !
May joys and full content remain in yours.

PORTIA.

Oh ! preach content to one upon a rack,
And he will hear as soon.

My

My soul is so perplex'd with fears for you,
That all the joys of nature, or of fortune,
Could find no entrance here at such a time.

BRUTUS.

Retire, retire ; talking so tenderly,
You, like officious and condoling friends,
But more afflict that mind you would compose :
I hope you think me neither false nor foolish.
If it were fit for you to know my cares,
'Twere ill in me to let you ask me twice :
Let that suffice, and leave me ; 'tis a word
I never us'd to thee before.

PORTIA.

Alas !

You would not use it now, if still you lov'd.
Can you have thoughts unfit to own to me ?
You are unjust, and I undone : farewell.

BRUTUS.

What means my PORTIA ?

PORTIA.

BRUTUS unjust !

Oh ! 'tis a wonder, which your very foes
Would not believe, tho' told it by your friends :
And to me too, who had least cause to fear it !
So little I deserv'd to find him so.
Am I but only partner of your pleasures,
Fit for your trifling hours, and to be kept

At hateful distance from your nobler thoughts ?
What is it I have innocently done,
To lose that trust, which always follows kindness ?
And therefore yours is chang'd ; I see it plainly :
Thunder is fall'n on my poor guiltless head, [*Weeps.*
And all but I, perhaps, have heard the blow.

BRUTUS.

In this you wrong me, PORTIA.

PORTIA.

Would I did !

I never wish'd a wrong to you before.

BRUTUS.

How have I liv'd, and which of all my actions
Has giv'n the least occasion ev'n for malice ?
I am, you know, not like the rest of husbands ;
My promise and my vows are ties to me,
As strong as fame and virtue are to you :
I will not mention now the bands of love,
In which I thought we were for ever fix'd.
What these unjust suspicions may produce
Either in you or me, alas ! I know not.
Therefore be calm and kind, as thou art us'd,
And try such rough, ungentle ways no more.
My mind, you know, hardens against compulsion,
But easily bends under gentle usage.

PORTIA.

PORTIA.

O let me now try that soft way again.
Thus low, thus tenderly, I beg to know

[Falls on his neck.

That which, in troubling you, ev'n tortures me.
Shun'd as I am, I have a share in all
Your resolutions, spite of your unkindness.
You cannot shut me out from tender cares
For ev'ry thought of yours : that zealous part
The meanest slave may have in mighty CÆSAR,
And yet give no offence.

BRUTUS.

The mighty CÆSAR !

I am that meanest slave, if he remain [Apart.
The mighty CÆSAR. Kneel not, gentle PORTIA.

PORTIA.

I should not need, if you were gentle BRUTUS.

[Weeps.

BRUTUS.

Oh ! my soft heart ! my resolution's arm'd
Against all dangers, nay, against my friend ;
Yet, firm to all things else, it yields to love ;
[Takes her in his arms.

It yields to PORTIA. You are now too charming ;
For pity, hide your kindness, or your beauty ;
There's no resisting both.

PORTIA.

'Tis kindness only

O 3

Which

Which makes me wish I had that beauty too.
But are you, then, not angry?

BRUTUS.

What! with thee?

The most obdurate creature, ev'n a tyrant,
In all his height of anger, and of pride,
Could not be proof against one tear of thine.

[*Kisses her.*]

Oh! PORTIA, be not you that tyrant then;
For well you know your pow'r, and may be mine.

PORTIA.

But tell me all.

BRUTUS.

Then, know, that they who came to me this night—
But why should I go on to thee, my PORTIA,
In any language but in that of love?
'Tis to profane thy ear to entertain it
With any harsher sound; spare then thyself.

PORTIA.

But you were just about to let me know.

BRUTUS.

Know what! know things that will but trouble thee!
Believe me, PORTIA, 'tis dangerous
For thee to tread in these obscurer paths;
Serpents lie hidden there, whose conscious sting
Will rob thee of thy rest.

Oh!

Oh ! press not thus to bear a part in that,
Which with its weight will crush thy tender mind.

PORTIA.

I am a woman, and am CATO's daughter :
My heart is tender, but to BRUTUS only.
Think you 'tis nothing, to have such a father,
And such a husband ?

BRUTUS.

Well then, hear it all.

PORTIA.

Hold, dearest BRUTUS !
I dare not hear it yet ; I'll try this first.

[She stabs herself in the arm.]

BRUTUS.

Hold, what d'ye mean ?

PORTIA.

To try my fortitude.

For, tho' I durst have trusted my firm mind
With any thing which but concern'd myself,
Where you're engag'd, it was too great a venture :
I doubt my firmest thoughts, while you suspect them.

BRUTUS.

Oh, wonder of thy sex !
Gods ! make me worthy of this matchless woman !
Haste, haste, and let thy wound be quickly dress'd.
Within I'll tell thee all,
And in thy bosom pour my very soul.

[Exit PORTIA.]

O 4

Enter

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

A messenger, my lord, from mighty CÆSAR
Is sent to summon you, and CAIUS CASSIUS,
About some weighty matter presently.

[Exit LUCIUS.

BRUTUS.

From CÆSAR ! and my brother CASSIUS too !
An early summons this ! we are betray'd,
Lost and undone, yet less in our own ruin,
Than in the letting him escape. Oh ! *Rome*,
Thou hast in vain depended on thy BRUTUS !
But I will go, lest my delaying now
Should raise suspicion ; and if all's discover'd,
My life is useless, and not worth my care.

[Exeunt.

*Between the second and third act, these verses are
to be sung by a person representing the genius
of Rome.*

Second CHORUS.

LO ! to prevent this mighty empire's doom,
From bright unknown abodes of bliss I come,
The awful genius of majestic *Rome*,

Great

Great is her danger : but I will engage
Some few, the master-souls of all this age,
To do an act of just heroic rage.

'Tis hard, a man so great should fall so low ;
More hard to let so brave a people bow
To one themselves have rais'd, who scorns them
now.

Yet oh ! I grieve that BRUTUS should be stain'd ;
Whose life, excepting this one act, remain'd
So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

But only he can make the rest combine ;
The very life and soul of their design ;
The centre, where those mighty spirits join.

Unthinking men no sort of scruples make ;
Others do ill, only for mischief's sake ;
But ev'n the best are guilty by mistake.

Thus some, for envy, or revenge, intend
To bring the bold usurper to his end ;
But for his country, BRUTUS stabs his friend,

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

The scene is CÆSAR's apartment, where he appears undress'd.

CÆSAR.

Ambition, O thou tyrant of my soul !
 How much a gentler lord am I to *Rome*,
 Than thou to me ! I am the only slave.
 This day was dully spent in public sports,
 Things too magnificent for true delight.
 Joy dwells in silent shades, and private pleasures ;
 In peace, and not in pomp : then, my long nights,
 Those precious hours design'd for soft repose,
 Are by unruly cares thus ravish'd from me.

Enter JUNIUS.

JUNIUS.

BRUTUS and CASSIUS attend your pleasure.

CÆSAR.

I tell thee, JUNIUS, my trusty freed-man,
 That melancholic CASSIUS needs observing.
 If e'er I could be capable of fear,
 I think it would be of that pensive CASSIUS.
 He loves not learning, no, nor poetry ;

Nor

Nor is his sullen humour pleas'd with music.
When others laugh, he so demurely smiles,
As if he thought it meanness to be merry.
Seldom he likes what others most approve,
And loves to praise what all men else dislike.
Such men as he are never at their ease,
While they behold a greater than themselves.
Yet he is brave, and shall have due preferment.

[Exit JUNIUS.]

SCENE II.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

CÆSAR.

You seem amaz'd at such an early summons ;
I have not slept all night.

CASSIUS.

On what account ?

CÆSAR.

'Tis only what I suffer from my cares.
But my unquiet mind should not disturb
Such noble *Romans*, had you not been both
Nearly concern'd in what I have to say.

CASSIUS.

We are betray'd.

[Softly,

BRUTUS,

BRUTUS.

No matter ; let us not
Betray ourselves by want of resolution. [Softly.

CÆSAR.

The two great vacant offices of prætors
(On which ev'n neighb'ring princes look with envy)
Shall now be fill'd by two the greatest *Romans*.
I owe the commonwealth that care, to find
Who best deserves her favour or her frown.

CASSIUS.

We neither beg for one, nor fear the other.

CÆSAR.

CASSIUS, I know your soul is void of fear,
And above grudging at your brother's greatness.

CASSIUS.

I understand no oracles ; but sure
BRUTUS and I are friends, as well as brothers.

CÆSAR.

And therefore you will be the more contented,
If I advance him ev'n above yourself ;
Desert like his can never rise too high.
I know no pleasure equal to obliging
Transcendent merit in an humble mind,
Such modest worth should get the prize from court-
ship.
Yet this may only be my love's mistake ;

For,

For, I confess my weakness, I am frail

[*Embracing* BRUTUS.

Like other men, and partial for a friend;

Yet that's a fault heav'n easily forgives.

Be thou, my best-lov'd BRUTUS, chief of prætors :

And CASSIUS may accept the second place,

[*To* CASSIUS.

Not only in the state, but my affection.

No thanks : a coin not counted among friends.

[*Exit* CÆSAR.

S C E N E III.

CASSIUS.

'Tis well it proves no worse.

BRUTUS.

What worse can be ?

CASSIUS.

Sure, BRUTUS has no reason to complain.

BRUTUS.

Yes, of you, CASSIUS ; if you can believe

I would receive a favour from a foe.

Is this a time to be oblig'd by CÆSAR ?

Good gods ! had I not doubts enough before ?

Did I not struggle hard enough for virtue ?

That this last tenderness of his is added

To shake my very soul ? The strong impression

May break my heart, but shall not bend my mind.

CASSIUS.

CASSIUS in this is honour'd more than BRUTUS;
 For, when our country is so much debas'd,
 Repulse is glorious, and advancement shame:
 I'll not be rais'd by him who ruins her.
 It was no private injury provok'd me;
 Frowns had not frighted me, nor shall his favours,
 With all their Syren voice, entice me to him.
 I must go on thro' virtue's plainest course;
 In that smooth path there is no fear of falling.

S C E N E IV.

Enter the conspirators, and other senators.

CASSIUS.

See, if our friends are not already come.
 'Tis later than we thought. You are well met.

CINNA.

Is CÆSAR stirring yet?

CASSIUS.

Just now gone in;
 And will, when dress'd, immediately come forth.
 Fear nothing; all's secure.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Enter CÆSAR again, dress'd.

CÆSAR.

Welcome, my friends.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

The senate does attend great CÆSAR's presence ;
And we are come to wait upon you thither.

CÆSAR.

Let 'em attend a while ; 'tis early yet.

S C E N E VI.

Enter ANTONY.

What, ANTONY, who revels all the night !
Is he up too ? Nay, then 'tis time to go.

ANTONY.

Rather to stay : I come not here in courtship.
But 'tis the sacred college of the priests
Which brought me hither ; and they wait without.
Hear 'em, great CÆSAR ; it concerns you nearly,
And what does so, is for the good of *Rome*.

CÆSAR.

The senate stays ; another time will serve.

[*As he is going out, enter the priests, who stop him.*

PRIEST.

PRIEST.

Great CÆSAR, hail ! forgive our zealous haste,
Urg'd by divine portent, which sent us here,
To warn the mighty ruler of the world.

CÆSAR.

Speak : I attend the message of the gods.

PRIEST.

As on mount *Aventine* I lately lat,
Attir'd with sacred robes, and southward turn'd ;
The heav'ns all clear, and free from black presage ;
With my bent wand I the due rites perform'd,
And parted all the regions of the air.
When lo, ill-boding birds appear'd from far,
Bearing misfortunes on their ominous wings :
I gaz'd upon them with prophetic skill,
Till a fierce flash of lightning check'd my sight.
Then, in one instant, all the heav'ns were chang'd ;
Clouds, swell'd with thunder, roll'd themselves along,
With noise too horrible for human ear.

CÆSAR.

It thunder'd, and it lighten'd : well, go on.

SECOND PRIEST.

Omens of ill in sev'ral kinds agree :
Having new chose for solemn sacrifice
A large-grown bull, the goodliest of the herd ;
With an unwonted rage he breaks his chains,
Making fierce way thro' all the frighten'd crowd,
Which

Which gaz'd, and trembled ; so divided stood
Betwixt their curiosity and fear :
At last, he at the altar laid him down,
And seem'd to beg the blow, which none durst give ;
Then on a sudden shook the air like thunder ;
And with unheard-of bellowing breath'd his last.
When open'd, we beheld, with eyes amaz'd,
This boist'rous beast, that rag'd with so much clamour,
Yet had no heart.

CÆSAR.

And I should seem like him,
Did I give way to ev'ry idle fear.

PRIEST.

Is it an idle thing to fear the gods ?
Thou'rt in their power, as the world in thine ;
And each may own a fear without a blush.

ANTONY.

Good CÆSAR, be advis'd : in this one thing
Yield to your friends, and send the senate word
You are not well.

CÆSAR.

What, send 'em an excuse !
Have I in conquest stretch'd my arm so far,
And fear at last to tell grey-beards the truth ?
No, ANTONY, truth will bear out itself.
I would do much to give my friends content ;

P

So,

So, let them know, I shall not come to-day ;
 Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser.
 I will not come : go, tell it to the senate.

[To DECIUS BRUTUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS.

But shall not I pretend some cause for this ?

CÆSAR.

The cause is in my will. I will not go.
 That is enough to satisfy the senate.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Sir, I obey ; but pardon my affection,
 If it offends you with untimely care :
 The senate is resolv'd to give a crown
 This day to mighty CÆSAR : who can tell,
 But by to-morrow their loose minds may change ?
 Assemblies are uncertain as the sea,
 Which ebbs and flows, now rises and now falls,
 Just as the hum'rous wind inclines to move.
 No woman changes more than crouds of men.

CÆSAR.

How weak your fears seem now, good ANTONY !
 I must not let the fair occasion fall.
 Prepare the ceremony ; I am stay'd for.

BRUTUS.

Prudence in vain defends unhappy men :
 When heav'n ordains, the wisest haste to ruin.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

To

JULIUS CÆSAR.

213

To be sung after the third act, by two aerial spirits.

Third CHORUS.

I.

TELL, oh ! tell me, whence arise
These disorders in our skies ?

Rome's great genius wildly gaz'd ;
And the gods seem all amaz'd.

II.

Know, in sight of this day's sun,
Such a deed is to be done,
Black enough to shroud the light
Of all this world in dismal night.

I.

What is this deed ?

II.

To kill a man,
The greatest since mankind began :
Learned, eloquent, and wise,
Gen'rous, merciful, and brave !

P 2

I.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

I.

Yet not too great a sacrifice,
The liberty of *Rome* to save?

II.

But will not goodness claim regard ;
And does not worth deserve reward ?

I.

Does not their country lie at stake ?
Can they do too much for her sake ?

Both together.

Tho' dreadful be this doom of fate,
Just is that pow'r which governs all :
Better this wond'rous man should fall,
Than a most glorious, virtuous state.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The scene a street, through which CÆSAR passes in pomp to the senate-house, attended by those senators who were with him at the end of the former act.

Enter SPURINNA hastily.

CÆSAR.

THE ides of *March* are come,

[*To SPURINNA.*

SPURINNA.

But not yet past,

Be pleas'd, great CÆSAR, to peruse this parchment.

MESSALA.

'Tis from a friend of CÆSAR, this petition ;
At your first leisure read his humble suit.

SPURINNA.

Oh ! CÆSAR, read mine first, 'tis for your safety :
Read it, great CÆSAR, read it instantly.

CÆSAR.

What most concerns ourself, shall last be read :
I'll lay it up against a time of leisure, [*To CASSIUS.*

P 3

CASSIUS;

CASSIUS.

What ! do you trouble CÆSAR in the street ?
Bring your petitions to the capitol.

SPURINNA.

But, mine concerns his life.

CASSIUS.

I know it does ;
Therefore away ; we'll all take care of that.

S C E N E II.

*The scene is changed to the senate-house, which
appears full of senators, who all rise up at
CÆSAR'S coming. One of them whispers*
BRUTUS.

SENATOR.

All good success attend your enterprize,

CASSIUS.

What did he say ?

BRUTUS.

He wish'd me good success,

CASSIUS.

See, he makes up to CÆSAR earnestly.
We are betray'd ! but I will kill myself ;
CÆSAR or CASSIUS never shall go back.

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

There is no danger, CASSIUS ; CÆSAR smiles ;
You may perceive they talk of something else.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Let's all kneel round to beg for CYMBER's life.

BRUTUS.

'Tis mean at any time, but needless now ;
Go you ; I will not kneel.

CASSIUS.

Well, what you please.

CASCA strikes first ; but stay, CÆSAR will speak.

S C E N E III.

*CÆSAR sits on a seat above the rest ; then
rises up and speaks, while the senators stand
round him.*

Now, rev'rend lords, if any weighty thoughts
Oppress your minds, unload your cares on me ;
For that's a burthen which belongs to pow'r,
Is there a barb'rous people yet so rude,
Or so remote, as not to fear your arms ?
I'll make them join with all the world besides
In due submission to superior virtue,
Is that great *Parthian* king so haughty grown,
As not to reverence this awful senate ?

My arms shall haste to humble all his pride,
 And bring him bowing to your least commands,
 Others, to raise themselves, depress their country;
 But my ambition is to make your valour
 Shine out more bright to all the subject world.
 Yet vain were all my triumphs, if I should
 Be fear'd abroad, and not be lov'd at home;
 Therefore, what enemy have I not pardon'd?
 The name of foe excuses hate, and harm;
 And he that fears it least, forgives it soonest.
 Cold friends, indeed, are something more pro-
 voking,
 Yet I can pass them by with scorn and pity.
 The equal law shall run its even course;
 Nothing shall interpose, except my mercy;
 Justice herself may lean that way sometimes.
 Plain merit shall not languish unregarded,
 While cunning courtship steals away the favour,
 On this depend; and while I govern thus,
 You will not grudge, if I shall govern long;
 And not resign my pow'r, like unlearn'd SYLLA,
 For want of skill to use it.

CASCA.

Oh! I can hold no longer.

*[They all stab CÆSAR, who struggles with
 them till he sees BRUTUS strike.]*

CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

What, BRUTUS too ! nay, then 'tis time to die.

[Falls down, and covers himself with his robes.]

BRUTUS.

Liberty ! freedom ! tyranny is dead.

Nay, stir not, worthy lords, nor be amaz'd ;

We mean no harm to any *Roman* here :

Consul, retire, for fear the coming crowd

Should press too much upon your rev'rend age.

CASSIUS.

Run to the streets, and cry out, liberty !

Ring in their ears aloud that pleasing sound.

Stoop, *Romans*, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in CÆSAR's blood,

Bespot our garments, and besmear our swords ;

Then walk we forth into the market-place,

And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

Cry out aloud, freedom and liberty !

BRUTUS.

The deed is done, what need we triumph in it ?

S C E N E IV.

Enter a SENATOR.

Well now, what news ?

SENATOR.

The people are amaz'd,

Cry

Cry out, and stare, and run about the streets,
As in an earthquake.

[*They all stoop down to CÆSAR's body, except*
BRUTUS.

CASCA.

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er.
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

TREBONIUS.

How many times shall CÆSAR bleed in sport,
While the attentive throng shall melt in tears,
To see his fall!

BRUTUS.

As oft as that shall be,
So often shall this knot of us be call'd
The men who gave their country liberty.
Let's venture forth.

CASSIUS.

Come on, then, let's away.
BRUTUS shall lead, and we will grace his steps
With all the best and boldest sons of *Rome*.

BRUTUS.

What! ANTONY return'd, and without arms!

SCENE

SCENE V.

*Enter ANTONY, and taking no notice of them,
falls on his knees to CÆSAR's body.*

ANTONY.

I was unable to defend thy life,
And therefore now can scarce endure my own,
Thou great good man ! Is all thy race of glory
Brought to this wretched end ? Didst thou scorn
death

In all those bloody fields, to find it here ?
Oh, 'tis I feel it ; thou art past the pain ;
But in my heart 'tis acted o'er and o'er,
For ev'ry thought of thee, and of thy love,
Gives me fresh sorrow : take my tribute here
Of sighs and tears that always shall attend thee,

I ask your pardon, noble lords ; my thoughts
Were too much there, to look on aught besides.
Yet think not I repent of what I said ;
For I will speak the praises of my friend,
Nor fear ev'n heav'n, should it reply in thunder.
He was my friend, and I will still be his,
Tho' the gods rage, and mankind meanly joins ;
Who shew regard to heav'n in nothing else
But slighting merit, when the gods forsake it.

Yet

Yet I, of all suspected, and alone,
Will boldly thus embrace this precious body.
Nay, gaze not on me with such threat'ning looks;
Think not, that if I valu'd now my life,
I am so foolish to expose it thus.
What hour so fit for me, what death so glorious,
As here to fall with CÆSAR, and by you,
The master spirits, sure, of all the world?
Kill me then quickly; kill me with those daggers
That reek in blood of him I lov'd so well:
For, could I languish out a thousand years,
I ne'er should find myself so fit to die:
'Tis now a pleasure, what may be a pain,

BRUTUS.

Oh! ANTONY, beg not your death of us.
You little think, when you commended CÆSAR,
How much my soften'd heart approv'd your praise.
Rough tho' we seem, and tho' our hands are bloody,
Yet, ANTONY, you only see our hands,
Which, free, as those of justice, from all rage,
Have done a deed, spite of our foster souls.
Your friendship to dead CÆSAR we esteem,
And value yours the more: then join with us
To settle *Rome* firm in its ancient freedom;
And we will join with you to make you great;
As great as can consist with liberty.

CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

Your voice shall sound as high as any man's
In the election of new magistrates.

BRUTUS.

Only be patient till you hear the cause
Of all this seeming cruelty. You know
CÆSAR us'd me as kindly as yourself.
Were I ambitious, or sought private ends,
This, sure, was not the way. Witness, you gods!
None e'er who kill'd himself, lov'd him he slew,
Better than I lov'd CÆSAR!

ANTONY.

Oh my heart!

Hold up a while, and help me to dissemble! [*Aside*
Give me your hands, I must accept your love,
Most noble BRUTUS, and yours, CAIUS CASSIUS.
Alas! my credit stands on slipp'ry ground;
And there's a precipice on either side.
To answer this your gentleness with rage
(When you thus spare me ev'n against my will)
That would appear but a too rough return:
Yet may not this too look like fear, or flatt'ry?
That I lov'd CÆSAR, I must ever own;
That he lov'd me, his favours shew'd too well:
How shall I do my part to him, and you?
Unless you will vouchsafe to give me reasons
Why CÆSAR died; and let me bury him
(As it becomes his friend) with decent honour:

I

Then

Then I'll but steep his ashes in my tears,
And in his cold urn smother all my sorrow.

BRUTUS.

'Tis just, we grant it ; take his body hence ;
And I will join myself to do him honour.

CASSIUS.

Hold, BRUTUS ; first consider well of that :
The easy rabble may be mov'd against us.
Who knows how rhet'ric may prevail on fools ?

BRUTUS.

We need not, CASSIUS, be so much concern'd ;
Now *Rome's* secure, there's no such thing as danger.
'Twas CÆSAR's soul we fear'd, and that once gone,
We cannot use his harmless corpse too well.

CASSIUS.

But yet I fear the worst.

BRUTUS.

Besides, I'll go,
And speak before him in the market-place.
But, ANTONY, your praise must be so nice,
As not to blame our action : you may shew
Both love to CÆSAR, and esteem of us.

CASSIUS.

His speech shall be your pattern ; so we leave you
To pay that pity which you owe your friend.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

ANTONY, *who stands over the body of CÆSAR,*
alone.

ANTONY.

Pity indeed ! but what a wretched change :
That thou shouldst move it ! Thou, whose wond'rous
soul

Was high as e'er humanity attain'd ;
Yet gentle as the humblest of mankind.

[*Enter some friends of* ANTONY.

Thy vast ambition was but just, and like
The element of fire when first created,
Which soar'd above the rest, to shine more glorious,
And chear the under world with light and heat.
Thou still shalt shine a comet, and portend
A black and bloody scene of civil war.
These wounds inspire me with prophetic skill,
Which like dumb mouths op'ning their bloody lips,
Seem to intreat the utt'rance of my tongue.
Now the whole world disturb'd, will miss thee soon ;
Men shall bemoan their master, beat their breasts,
And lay upon thy death all their misfortunes.
Wars, bloodshed, massacres, such horrid deeds,
And fatal fury, shall be so familiar,
That custom shall take off all sense of crime,

And

And shame and guilt shall be but words forgot,
Lost in the boundless licence of the times.

Come, let us bear him to the market-place.
This is a jewel yet, tho' dropt by fortune ;
With which we'll purchase popularity,
And set up for ourselves in this new world.
Our tears and grief will soften their hard hearts,
Fit to receive impresson from our words.
And when crowds listen once, there is no fear :
They have the people's hearts, who have their ear.
[*Exeunt with the body of CÆSAR.*

To be sung after the fourth act.

Fourth CHORUS.

HOW great a curse has providence
Thought fit to cast on human-kind !
Learning, courage, eloquence,
The gentlest nature, noblest mind,
Were intermixt in one alone ;
Yet in one moment overthrown.
Could chance, or senseless atoms join
To form a soul so great as his ?
Or would those pow'rs we hold divine,
Destroy their own chief master-piece ?

Where

Where so much difficulty lies,
The doubtful are the only wife.

And, what must more perplex our thoughts ;
Great Jove the best of *Romans* sends,
To do the very worst of faults,
And kill the kindest of his friends.
All this is far above our reach,
Whatever priests presume to preach.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, followed by crowds
of citizens.*

FIRST CITIZEN.

BEHOLD the men who have deliver'd *Rome* !

SECOND CITIZEN.

BRUTUS has freed us all, and he shall rule us.

THIRD CITIZEN.

We will be free, and serve the noble BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

Why, friends, ye speak impossibilities ;
Would ye be free, yet serve ? how odd that sounds !
I grieve to see you bear your change no better.
But give me leave to satisfy you all,
Why we have done this deed, and for whose sakes.

Q

I'll

I'll go up here ; they who will hear me, stay ;
The rest may follow CASSIUS, and hear him.

FIRST CITIZEN.

I would hear BRUTUS speak.

SECOND CITIZEN.

I'll follow CASSIUS :

And we'll comparè together what they say.

THIRD CITIZEN.

The noble BRUTUS is ascended : silence !

BRUTUS.

Friends, dearest countrymen, and worthy *Romans* ;
You lovers of your laws and liberties ;
Hear me throughout with patience, not with passion :
For, tho' your kindness is my chief contentment,
I would not owe your judgment of this deed
To any thing but reason well inform'd.
Who is it here thinks CÆSAR innocent ?
I was his friend, and yet I thought him guilty ;
And faults are great, which friends cannot forgive.
Why should I kill him then but for your sakes ?
A wretch who yields a limb to be cut off,
Does only that to save a life that's dearer :
And when a grieving parent whips his child,
Call it correction, but not cruelty.
If then the very best of CÆSAR's friends
Should ask me, why I kill'd him ? Thus I answer :
It was not that I lov'd him less than he ;

But

But 'twas because I lov'd my country more.
Wou'd you have CÆSAR live, and die all slaves ;
Rather than have him dead, to live all freemen ?
As CÆSAR lov'd me, oh ! I weep for him ;
As he was fortunate, I can rejoice ;
As he was valiant, I honour him :
But, as he was ambitious, I slew him.
Who's here so base, as would become a bondman ?
If any, speak ; for him I have offended.
Who's here so rude, that would not be a *Roman* ?
If any, speak ; for him I have offended.
Who's here so vile, to value any thing,
Ev'n his best friend, before the public good ?
I own, nay boast, I have offended him.
What say you, countrymen ?

CITIZEN.

None, BRUTUS, none,

BRUTUS.

Then none have I offended by his death.
The reason for it shall be fair enroll'd ;
His glory not diminish'd in the least,
Here comes his body, mourn'd by good ANTONIUS ;

Enter ANTONY with the body of CÆSAR.

Who, tho' a friend of CÆSAR, is ours too ;
And so has leave to bury him with honour.
In a free government all should be friends :

Q 2

And

And he, who would have sav'd this CÆSAR's life,
 Shall yet receive advantage by his death,
 Freedom of vote in governing the world :
 As which of you shall want it ? I conclude ;
 That, as I slew my friend to save my country,
 I here have the same dagger for myself,
 Whenever *Rome* shall wish, or need my death.

[*Descends.*

FIRST CITIZEN.

Live, BRUTUS, live : bring him in triumph home.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Give him a statue by his ancestors.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Let him be CÆSAR.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

CÆSAR was nothing to him ;
 Let him be crown'd, I will have BRUTUS crown'd.

BRUTUS.

Hold, worthy countrymen.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Peace ; silence.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Peace ;

For BRUTUS speaks again.

BRUTUS.

You'll make me draw this dagger once again ;
 But 'tis against myself ; for I would die

Your

Your fellow-friend, rather than live your lord.
You almost make me wish CÆSAR alive :
If one must rule, there's none could do it better.
Pray hear MARC-ANTONY ; for my sake hear him ;
He speaks by our permission, and is noble.
But, while he praises CÆSAR, then remember
I honour'd him as much, but lov'd you more.
Nay, stay, good *Romans* ; not a man go with me.

[Exit.]

FIRST CITIZEN.

This CÆSAR was a tyrant ; BRUTUS says so ;
And no man living knows a tyrant better.

SECOND CITIZEN.

For, neighbours, why should BRUTUS kill him else ?
He lov'd him. Therefore sure he was a tyrant.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Notably said ! answer me that who can.
But come, let's hear MARC-ANTONY a little.

ANTONY.

For BRUTUS' sake I am beholden to you.

FIRST CITIZEN.

What's that of BRUTUS ? best speak well of BRUTUS.

SECOND CITIZEN.

How's this ? What does he say, for BRUTUS' sake ?

THIRD CITIZEN.

He says, for BRUTUS' sake he is beholden to us.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Oh, very well; go up, MARC-ANTONY.

ANTONY.

Shall I go up, and will you give me leave?

CITIZENS.

Ay, ay.

[ANTONY *ascends*,

ANTONY.

Friends, countrymen, and *Romans*, hear me gently;

I come to bury CÆSAR, not to praise him.

Lo here the fatal end of all his glory :

The evil that men do, lives after them ;

The good is often bury'd in their graves :

So let it be with CÆSAR. Noble BRUTUS

Has told you CÆSAR was ambitious :

If he was so, then he was much to blame ;

And he has dearly paid for his offence.

I come to do my duty to dead CÆSAR.

Here under leave of BRUTUS and the rest,

He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;

But yet it seems he was ambitious,

BRUTUS has said it, I must say it too ;

For BRUTUS is a man of strictest honour.

Thousands of captives CÆSAR brought to *Rome*,

Whose ransom often fill'd the public coffers.

Was this ambition ? BRUTUS says it was :

And BRUTUS is an honourable man.

When wretched orphans cry'd, CÆSAR would weep ;

So

So weep for them, that they have wept no more :
Ambition seldom is so tender-hearted.
You all have seen how at the public sports,
Out of a foolish and too forward love,
He was presented with the kingly crown,
Which he then thrice refus'd ; was this ambition ?
Yet BRUTUS says he was ambitious,
And BRUTUS is a man we all must honour.
I speak not to disprove what BRUTUS spoke,
But must as little wrong this dead, good man.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
And will you hate him dead, whom you lov'd living ?
O justice, justice ! whither art thou fled ?
For men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;
My heart's beneath that mantle there with CÆSAR ;
And I must pause a while, till it comes back. [*Weeps.*]

FIRST CITIZEN.

Methinks there's much of reason in his sayings,
If you consider rightly of the matter.
CÆSAR has had some wrong.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Has he, my masters ?
They will have much ado to make amends to him.
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Mark'd you his words ? he would not take the crown :
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST CITIZEN.

If it be found so, some shall pay dear for it.

SECOND CITIZEN.

See, if good ANTONY can speak for weeping !

THIRD CITIZEN.

There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than ANTONY,

SECOND CITIZEN.

But mark him ; he begins again to speak.

ANTONY.

But yesterday the word of CÆSAR might
Have pass'd through all the world : now he lies there,
And none so low to do him reverence.

Oh *Romans* ! if I were dispos'd to move
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do BRUTUS wrong, and CASSIUS wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.

Yet here's a parchment with the seal of CÆSAR,
I found it in his closet ; 'tis his will :

Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)

And they would run and kiss dead CÆSAR's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;

Nay, beg a hair of his for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
To their dear issue.

FOURTH

FOURTH CITIZEN.

We'll hear this will : read it, MARC-ANTONY.

ALL.

The will, the will, we must hear CÆSAR's will.

ANTONY.

Have patience, gentle friends ; I must not read it ;
It is not fit you know how CÆSAR lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
And being men, hearing the will of CÆSAR,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
'Tis well you know not that you are his heirs ;
For if you did, oh ! what might come of it ?

THIRD CITIZEN.

Read the will, ANTONY ; for we will hear it.

ANTONY.

Will you be patient ? will you stay a while ?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it ;
I fear I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers stabb'd the undefended CÆSAR,

FIRST CITIZEN.

Traitors and rogues ! they honourable men ?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Villains and murderers ! Come, read the will,

ANTONY.

You will compel me then to read the will.
Then make a ring about the corpse of CÆSAR.

I

And

And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

ALL.

Come down.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Descend, you shall have leave.

SECOND CITIZEN.

A ring.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Stand off a while ; stand from the body there.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Make room for ANTONY, most noble ANTONY.

ANTONY.

Nay, press not so upon me, gentle friends.

If you have tears, prepare to shed 'em now.

You all have seen this mantle ; I remember

The first time ever CÆSAR put it on ;

'Twas on a summer's ev'ning in his tent,

After a glorious fight against your foes.

Look ! in this place ran CASSIUS' dagger through !

See what a rent the envious CASCA made !

Here, here, the well-belov'd BRUTUS stabb'd ;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of CÆSAR follow'd it !

As rushing out abroad, to be resolv'd

If it were BRUTUS so unkindly struck ?

For BRUTUS, as you know, was CÆSAR's fav'rite ;

Judge,

Judge, O you gods ! how dearly CÆSAR lov'd him.
 This, this was the unkindest stroke of all !
 For when undaunted CÆSAR saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart ;
 Then in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Under a crowd of villains, CÆSAR fell,
 Oh ! what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and *Rome* itself too fell,
 While bloody treason flourish'd o'er our heads.
 Oh ! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity ; these are worthy drops.
 Kind souls ! what ! weep you when you but behold
 Our CÆSAR's vesture torn ? Oh ! then look here ;
 Here is himself, mangled you see by traitors !

[Takes off the mantle.]

FIRST CITIZEN.

O mournful sight !

SECOND CITIZEN.

O cruel traitors, villains !

THIRD CITIZEN.

O noble CÆSAR ! but we'll be reveng'd.
 Set fire, kill, slay, let not a traitor live.

ANTONY.

Stay, countrymen.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Peace there ; he speaks again.

ALL.

ALL.

We'll hear him, follow him, and die with him.

ANTONY.

Good friends, dear friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flame of mutiny.

They who have done this deed, are men of note :

What private griefs they had, alas ! I know not,

Which made them do it ; they are wond'rous wise,

And will, no doubt, give you some shew of reason.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :

I am no orator, as CASSIUS is ;

But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,

Who love my friend ; and that they know full well,

Who gave me leave to speak in public of him :

For I have neither art, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utt'rance, nor the pow'r of speech,

To stir mens blood ; I only speak plain truth,

And tell you that which you already know :

Shew you dear CÆSAR's wounds, poor, poor,
dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me : but, were I BRUTUS,

And BRUTUS here ; so great an orator

Would rouse up ev'ry soul, and put a tongue

In ev'ry wound of CÆSAR, which should move

The very stones to rise and mutiny.

ALL.

We'll mutiny ; we'll burn the house of BRUTUS.

FOURTH

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY.

Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.

ALL.

Peace, ho ! hear ANTONY, most noble AN^TONY.

ANTONY.

Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein has CÆSAR thus deserv'd your love ?

Alas ! you know not ; I must tell you then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

ALL.

'Tis true, the will ; let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY.

Here is the will, and under CÆSAR's seal ;

To ev'ry *Roman* citizen he gives,

To ev'ry sev'ral man, sev'nty-five drachma's.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Well said ; those drachma's will cost some men dear.

ALL.

Most gen'rous CÆSAR ! we'll revenge his death.

ANTONY.

Hear me with patience.

ALL.

Peace ho ! noble CÆSAR !

ANTONY.

ANTONY.

Moreover, he has left you all his walks,
His private gardens, and new-planted orchards
On this side *Tiber*, here he gives to you,
And to your heirs for ever; public pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a CÆSAR! when comes such another?

ALL.

O never, never; come, Sirs, come away.

ANTONY.

Hold, hold, my masters, stay one moment longer;
Now keep your hearts from breaking if you can:
Prepare ye now to burst with grief and anger.
Behold this scroll, the very hand of CÆSAR!
In it he notes this firm and settled purpose;
First to subdue the *Parthians*, our worst foes,
And then restore *Rome* to her ancient freedom.
“ I’ll keep the pow’r, saith he, of *Rome*’s dictator,
“ Till I have vanquish’d all her enemies:
“ Then, oh ye gods! may she be free for ever,
“ Tho’ at th’ expence of all our dearest blood!”
That precious blood is here indeed let out,
But where’s the liberty we purchase by it?
Slaves as we are to murderers and villains.

FIRST CITIZEN.

We’ll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the villains houses.

SECOND

SECOND CITIZEN.

Take up the body.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Go, set fire; pull down

The very senate-house where CÆSAR dy'd.

ANTONY.

So, let it work : mischief, thou art afoot,

Take now what course thou wilt ! destruction, ruin,

The baneful issue of so black a deed !

Ambition, when unbounded, brings a curse ;

But an assassinate deserves a worse.

THE

Second Chapter

THE UPBOLDING OF THE YOUTH

THE UPBOLDING

GOVERNMENT: GALLIOWS

THE YOUTHFUL MINDS WHERE CLASSICAL

ANALYSIS

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THE
TRAGEDY
OF
MARCUS BRUTUS.

With the PROLOGUE, and the
Two last CHORUS's.

Written by His GRACE
JOHN Duke of *Buckingham.*

THE
TRAGEDY

MARCUS BRUTUS

With the Prologue, and the
Two Choruses

Written by Mr. G. A. C.
JOHN V. Duke of Buckingham

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P R O L O G U E.

By the A U T H O R.

O U R scene is Athens. And great Athens nam'd,
 What soul so dull as not to be inflam'd ?
 Methinks, at mentioning that sacred place,
 A rev'rend awe appears in ev'ry face,
 For men so fam'd, of such prodigious parts,
 As taught the world all sciences and arts.

*Amidst all these, ye shall behold a man
 The most applauded since mankind began ;
 Out-shining ev'n those Greeks who most excel ;
 Whose life was one fix'd course of doing well.
 Oh ! who can therefore without tears attend
 On such a life, and such a fatal end ?*

*But here our author, besides other faults
 Of ill expressions, and of vulgar thoughts,
 Commits one crime that needs an act of grace,
 And breaks the law of unity of place :*

*Yet, to such noble patriots, overcome
By factious violence, and banish'd Rome,
Athens alone a fit retreat could yield :
And where can BRUTUS fall, but in Philippi field?*

*Some critics judge, ev'n love itself too mean
A care to mix in such a lofty scene,
And with those antient bards of Greece believe
Friendship has stronger charms to please or grieve :
But our more am'rous poet, finding love,
Amidst all other cares, still shines above ;
Lets not the best of Romans end their lives,
Without just softness for the kindest wives,
Yet, if ye think his gentle nature such,
As to have soften'd this great tale too much,
Soon will your eyes grow dry, and passion fall ;
When ye reflect, 'tis all but conjugal.*

*This to the few and knowing was address'd ;
And now 'tis fit I should salute the rest.*

*Most reverend dull judges of the pit,
By nature curs'd with the wrong side of wit !
You need not care what-e'er you see to-night,
How ill some players act, or poets write ;
Should our mistakes be never so notorious,
You'll have the joy of being more censorious :*

Skew

*Shew your small talent then, let that suffice ye ;
But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye ;
Each petty critic can objections raise,
The greatest skill is knowing when to praise.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M. BRUTUS.

C. CASSIUS.

LUCILIUS, Friend of BRUTUS.

TITINIUS, Friend of CASSIUS.

PINDARUS, Freedman of CASSIUS.

VARIUS, A young *Roman* bred at *Athens*.

THEODOTUS, A Philosopher.

M. ANTONIUS, The Triumvir.

DOLABELLA, Friend of M. ANTONIUS.

JUNIA, Wife of CASSIUS, and Sister of BRUTUS.

Magistrates of *Athens*.

Centurions.

Officers.

Soldiers.

The play begins the day before the battle of *Philippi*, and ends with it.

THE
 D E A T H
 O F
MARCUS BRUTUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Vestibule in Athens:

Enter LUCILIUS and VARIUS.

LUCILIUS.

EXPRESS upon express arrives from *Rome*.
 Their veneration for most noble BRUTUS
 Is now reviv'd, and makes all mourn his
 absence.

VARIUS.

But yet some threaten to destroy us here,
 For giving shelter to that worthy *Roman*;
 What means this contradiction?

R 4

LUCILIUS.

LUCILIUS.

I'll inform you.

Our empire groan'd beneath the pow'r of CÆSAR ;
 A man so fam'd for clemency and courage,
 (Qualities charming ev'n in enemies)
 That none, tho' virtuous, could resolve to act
 A bold and noble deed, which all men wish'd,

VARIUS.

You mean the death of CÆSAR. Pray go on.

LUCILIUS.

At length, a man of all the world inclin'd
 The least to violence, or any passion ;
 A man sublimely wise, exactly just——

VARIUS.

After this character, you need not name him.

LUCILIUS.

BRUTUS, the head of all those noble spirits
 Who shine at *Rome*, and rule the under world,
 Selects the very choicest of them all,
 And fells the tyrant in the very senate.

VARIUS.

This deed of BRUTUS seems the will of heav'n.

LUCILIUS.

And so accounted for his wond'rous virtue.
 The soldiers, senators, and common people,
 (If among *Romans* they can be so call'd)

Ev'n

Ev'n the best friends of CÆSAR follow'd BRUTUS,
As the avow'd deliv'rer of his country :
Till his soft nature, and his gen'rous spirit,
Resign'd the corpse to be interr'd with honour.

VARIUS.

That made this fatal change, as we are told.

LUCILIUS.

Most true, in those that heard the fam'd oration,
What is it eloquence cannot persuade ?
Reason itself comes over to its side.
Thus ANTONY, soon as his speech was ended,
Rais'd in that heat so great a rage against us,
As forc'd ev'n friends to act the part of foes :
Yet now the wise repent, and rev'rence *Athens*
For thus supporting the most worthy BRUTUS.

VARIUS.

The roads from *Rome* are fill'd by valiant crouds,
Who fly from safety, to partake our danger.

LUCILIUS.

No wonder : since virtue has ever fix'd
Kind correspondence between *Rome* and *Athens*.
The youth of *Rome*, and all whom *Rome* has conquer'd,
Hither repair to learn philosophy.
Chief among these, you (son of famous TULLY)
Advis'd no doubt by your illustrious father,
Invited BRUTUS and his brother CASSIUS
To make great *Athens* centre of the war.

VARIUS.

VARIUS.

And she has own'd your cause in ample manner.
Armies are levy'd, and vast sums are rais'd,
In the defence of *Roman* liberty.

LUCILIUS.

Oh! noble efforts of republic spirit!
Why this is being friends to human-kind;
Which, next to heav'n, is most oblig'd to those
Who rescue liberty from vile oppression.

VARIUS.

Our ancient heroes thus grew gods themselves:
Besides, 'tis in a manner self-defence
To help in neighb'ring dangers; for it hinders
Future incroachments on ourselves at home.

LUCILIUS.

Of that, *Athenians* are almost too jealous:
Ev'n with ingratitude they crush ambition,
And banish merit, when the least aspiring.

VARIUS.

Most wisely do they act, nay justly too:
For we reward a leader's service best,
In barring him the means of doing mischief.
Happier, much happier had it been for *CÆSAR*,
Had he been banish'd, while yet innocent,
Than e'er return'd triumphant o'er his country.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Enter DOLABELLA, pulling off his disguise.

LUCILIUS.

What! DOLABELLA here?

DOLABELLA.

A friend to VARIUS,

Sent by ANTONIUS in most secret manner,

To ask an interview of noble BRUTUS,

Before the soldier joins in bloody battle.

Who knows but each great chief may grow more
kind,

In fight of wond'ring armies may embrace,

And *Rome* shall smile at their returning friends?

[Exit LUCILIUS.]

VARIUS.

And can you think that BRUTUS slew great JULIUS,

To suffer tyranny in other hands?

DOLABELLA.

Alas! that tyranny is but a word,

Us'd only by us when we hate our ruler.

Have we not found (you'll pardon me, good VARIUS)

That ev'n this change you call deliverance

Has but remov'd one hardship for a greater,

A single grievance for a civil war?

VARIUS

VARIUS.

What do I hear ! Is any grievance equal
To that most abject state of being subjects
To will, to passion, or to lawless humour ?

DOLABELLA.

Yet these expressions shew 'tis not mere ruling,
But ruling ill, you fear. When prudence sways,
'Tis happiness, not slav'ry, to be govern'd.
To bless our times with plenty, and with pleasures,
Prevent disorders, and promote diversions,
Hinder us all from hurting one another,
Take all the cares, and leave us all the joys,
Can only be accomplish'd by great power,
When plac'd in such a man as god-like Brutus.

VARIUS.

Where is content or pleasure under force ?
The freedom of man's will not heav'n constrains :
Who wants it, and endures it, is a brute.
Yet put the case some phoenix prince should reign,
A vultur might succeed ; a son, or brother,
Who will undo in a few months of folly,
(For short will be his reign, tho' seeming long)
Whate'er the wife had been whole years contriving,
Like BRUTUS, did you say ? A man like BRUTUS
No more would be a sov'reign, than a slave :
A man so virtuous, and so wise, well knows
'Tis better much to bear than do a hardship.

DOLA-

DOLABELLA.

What hardship's done by acting for mens good ?

VARIUS.

What good can come from arbitrary sway ?

The choicest fare, forc'd down, will cloy the stomach.

But here he comes himself to hear your message :

At once the humblest and the highest mind

That ever shin'd in all our *Roman* story !

[Exit VARIUS.

S C E N E III.

Enter BRUTUS:

BRUTUS:

A message from ANTONIUS claims a hearing,

Whom, tho' my enemy, I still esteem.

DOLABELLA.

His boldest wishes aim at nothing higher ;

And therefore thus assures most noble BRUTUS,

That what he has done was by nature forc'd,

From his fresh sorrow for his slaughter'd friend ;

But now his bleeding country moves him more,

And his soul shakes at sight of civil war,

Secure him but by taking sov'reign pow'r,

To you alone he joins with all his force.

BRUTUS.

And I abandon CASSIUS, and my friends !

DOLA-

DOLABELLA.

Far be it from me to propose such baseness.
 May they, and we, be happy under you,
 And the whole world once govern'd by the virtuous.

BRUTUS.

Ah ! DOLABELLA, little do you know
 The mind of BRUTUS. When I slew your CÆSAR,
 Think you it was ambition? Jove is witness;
 I would have crown'd him rather than myself.
 But *Rome* claim'd freedom, tho' by CÆSAR's death;
 Tho' by destruction of my dearest friend:
 And free she shall be still, if I prevail.
 ANTONIUS joining in that glorious work,
 May claim whate'er a commonwealth can give:
 Nay, I will be his soldier in her service.
 Then, neither he nor we shall longer strive,
 But only who shall serve his country best.

DOLABELLA.

Will you then rather see the world in arms,
 Than govern it yourself to make it happy?

BRUTUS.

May the great gods destroy that world and me,
 If e'er I suffer *Rome* to be enslav'd !
Rome, that has toil'd for fame so many ages,
 By valour, and by virtue tam'd mankind,
 Soften'd rude minds, and in the wildest soils
 Establish'd manners and humanity ;

And,

And, cultivating youth with strictest care,
First taught urbanity, that useful art
Of being most politely sociable ;
(A virtue scarce known in the world beside,
And chiefly owing to our liberty)
Gods ! shall all this sink into a mean submission ?
Which in a moment would debase our souls,
Like those in wretched governments around us.

DOLABELLA.

But yet submission seems design'd by nature :
Why, else, has she bestow'd such diff'rent talents ?
Some, like your own, with worth and skill to go-
vern ;
And thousands only fitted to obey.

BRUTUS.

As well you might imagine harmless sheep
Only created for the rav'nous wolf.

DOLABELLA.

But is man blameable for mast'ring both ?

BRUTUS.

No ; for those beasts are of inferior rank :
But where does nature, or the will of heav'n,
Subject a creature to one like itself ?
Man is the only brute enslaves his kind.

DOLABELLA.

'Tis not the shape, but soul, that shews the likeness :
Is a mere changeling like a man of prudence ?

I

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

A man of prudence never will at once
 Make both himself and all the world unhappy;
 Think you that 'tis for envy kings are hated?
 Pity would rather plead in their defence,
 Did we not more compassionate their subjects.
 Alas! they scarce have one contented hour;
 Few to confide in, and whole crowds to fear;
 Asham'd to rule so many wiser subjects,
 Yet often sway'd by weaker than themselves.

DOLABELLA.

All this were reconcil'd, if BRUTUS govern'd;
 Freedom and empire might consist together:
 Yourself would be the only man uneasy;
 Which, for the sake of all, you will not grudge.

BRUTUS.

If there were colour for so vile a change,
 Or the least pleasure in the greatest power;
 Yet I abhor what I disdain to hear.
 Return in safety back, but tell ANTONIUS,
 My highest wish is to fix *Rome* in freedom;
 My next, to die before she is enslav'd.

[Exit DOLABELLA; manet BRUTUS.]

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Enter VARIUS and LUCILIUS.

VARIUS.

The *Areopagite* Council long have sat,
To do great BRUTUS some unwonted honour.
Some voted to renew th' *Olympic* games,
Others with plays would crowd the theatres;
But these were held diversions too divine,
And only consecrated to the gods.
At last, the wisest and most famous senate,
In love to you, in service to the public,
In veneration for superior virtue,
Resolves to rear your statue carv'd by SAMIUS,
The greatest artist, for the best of men;
And place it in the sacred temple, next
HARMONIUS and ARISTOGITON,
Those worthy patriots of learned *Athens*.

LUCILIUS.

How many ages hence shall wealth of princes
Vie for these dear remains, so doubly famous,
Both for the work, and him it represents!

BRUTUS.

Was ever honour from so wise a people
Design'd so kindly, yet bestow'd so ill?

S

I am

I am not only destitute of merit,
 But of ambition, more than to do good.
 Fame's only due for deeds beyond our duty;
 Who can do those in service of his country?
 The *Romans*, and ev'n *CASSIUS*, may repine
 At such a partial proof of their affection.
 Advise me how to shun it with respect.

VARIUS.

You should not, cannot now, without affront.
 No mean assembly this, such as proceeds
 In shew for public good, with private aim;
 Sluggish to meet, yet hasty to resolve.
 These, in safe methods, and with prudent steps,
 Encourage virtue, and uphold their country.

SCENE V.

Enter CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

I greet my friend on this new compliment;
 Which, in your name, shews a respect to all.
 The death of *CÆSAR* is a common cause,
 Which commonwealths in prudence must approve.

BRUTUS.

True, noble *CASSIUS*; and I never would
 Accept an honour sep'rate from my friends.

BRUTUS

BRUTUS has nothing in his life or humour
Suited to this unprecedented honour.

CASSIUS.

Methinks you now esteem yourself too little,
Only to prize this compliment too much.

BRUTUS.

A statue rear'd to me, and rear'd by *Athens*,
I own a most transcendent obligation ;
But ev'ry sum and soldier they have rais'd
In aid of liberty, affects me more.

CASSIUS.

I ever thought a *Roman* general
Above reward from an *Athenian* senate.
What is a trifle then giv'n by grey-beards,
Mov'd by a little popularity ?

BRUTUS.

But, to be mov'd by envy, sure, is worse.

CASSIUS.

I did not envy CÆSAR, tho' I slew him.

BRUTUS.

An honest mind can envy no usurper ;
You said you kill'd him for the public good.

CASSIUS.

You know I kill'd him for the public good :
Who doubts it, does me wrong.

BRUTUS.

Do none yourself.

What ! shall we two, the champions of freedom,
Like children, grudge at one another's play-things ?
Come, we are friends. But think not I am fond

[Embraces him.]

Of airy trifles, tho' I value fame.
Fame for good deeds is the reward of virtue.
Thirst after fame is giv'n us by the gods,
Both to excite our minds to noble acts,
And give a proof of some immortal state,
Where we shall know, that fame we leave behind,
That highest blessing which the gods bestow.

CASSIUS.

But 'tis a greater not to need their blessings.
You stoics hold a wise man is above them.

BRUTUS.

Yet not insensible to reputation.
For that he flights all torments, ev'n disgrace ;
Nay, what is harder yet, despises pleasure ;
A strength of mind which only man possesses.

CASSIUS.

I see no such distinction, nor wherein
Man so transcends, except in arrogance.
This great superiority of man
Often comes short ev'n of the meanest creatures :
They in their ways more happily confin'd,

Seem

Seem not to scorn, or bear down one another ;
 Never ungrateful, or the least deceiving,
 But keep wise nature's laws with strict obedience.
 Oh happy for the world, if in these times
 Mankind in gen'ral were no worse than brutes !

BRUTUS:

Ill men, indeed, I must confess, are worse.

CASSIUS.

And sure the worst of all, their country's enemies.
 These should be censur'd by our rev'rend priests,
 Who always raise our thoughts to things above,
 But yet connive at villainy below.

BRUTUS.

From hence the miseries of *Rome* proceed.
 When fraud, oppression, foulest calumny,
 Contempt of laws, and bold impieties,
 Appear bare-fac'd ; no auguries more sure
 Foretel the ruin of a sinking state.

CASSIUS.

No auguries ! what do they e'er foretel,
 But as the politician bribes the priest ?
 Mere combination against common sense.

BRUTUS.

You'll have your way. But do you not remember
 That soothsayer who said, the ides of *March*
 Were come, not gone ?

CASSIUS.

And that was all he knew:
Had he known more, why did he not inform?

BRUTUS.

The gods decreed that *Rome* should be deliver'd.

VARIUS.

That devout thought revives our sinking hopes;
Heav'n will not fail a cause it once has blest.

CASSIUS.

But trust not all to that; let us be careful.
When you shall march to-morrow after me,
Should we not leave some forces here behind?

BRUTUS.

For what?

CASSIUS.

To keep these people firmly to us.
They, who at *Rome* command an empire's wealth,
Have dangerous temptations of seducing.

VARIUS.

Oh never fear it. Shake *Athenian* faith?
'Tis stopping tides, or striving with the winds.

BRUTUS.

They are too learn'd, and prudent, not to know
That 'tis the greatest folly to be false;
Not worth a villainy to gain the world.
A low mean act so rankles in the mind,
There is no joy, nor quiet afterwards;

Kind

Kind heav'n has form'd us so, that we might find
Content and honesty still join'd together.

CASSIUS.

But, then we are the more oblig'd to guard 'em
Against what they might suffer for our sakes.

BRUTUS.

Kindly, and justly urg'd, I must confess.
But think you, that our enemies can spare
The smallest legion from opposing us?
Detaching some, may be their loss of all.
Yet, for this place I am concern'd so much,
You shake my reason when you urge their danger.
Let them propose what guards themselves desire.

CASSIUS.

Nay, there I differ; since in war-affairs,
With all their wit, they cannot judge so well:
Nor is it fit they judge in their own cause.
I'll strait assemble them, and then debate
With calm deliberation this affair;
Which well deserves our speediest management,
Since we are forc'd to march away so soon,
You'll come, I hope, and fix our resolution.

[Exit CASSIUS.]

BRUTUS.

This man has some uneasiness of temper,
But over-balanc'd by his public spirit,
Which ever sways him to his country's good.
Whate'er our master ZENO may have taught us,

Nothing is wholly perfect here below :
 We should applaud the merit that we find,
 And cast a friendly veil on good mens faults.
 My sister JUNIA loves him to excess
 (If there can be excess in love, or friendship.)
 Go, and acquaint her gently with the journey
 Which he must take this night towards *Philippi*,
 There to decide th' important fate of *Rome*.

[Exit LUCILIUS,

I must prepare the forces under me,
 To overtake him on his march to-morrow :
 From thence we'll haste conjointly to the battle :
 This scanty road bears us not both together ;
 And we must once divide, to part no more.

[Exeunt BRUTUS, and VARIUS,

First CHORUS.

Of Athenian Philosophers.

Written at the Command of his GRACE,
by Mr. POPE.

I.

YE shades where sacred truth is sought,
 Groves, where immortal sages taught,
 Where heav'nly visions PLATO fir'd,
 And god-like ZENO lay inspir'd

In

In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood :
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the muses shades.

II.

Oh heav'n-born *Sisters* ! source of art !
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart ;
Who lead fair virtue's train along,
Moral truth ! and mystic song !
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly ?
Say, will ye bless the bleak *Atlantic* shore,
Or bid the furious *Gaul* be rude no more ?

III.

When *Athens* sinks by fates unjust ;
When wild *Barbarians* spurn her dust ;
Perhaps ev'n *Britain's* utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with strangers gore ?
See arts her savage sons controul,
An *Athens* rising near the *Pole* ;
Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

IV.

IV.

Ye gods ! what justice rules the ball ?
 Freedom and arts together fall ;
 Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate ;
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state !
 Still when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some *Athens* perishes, some *TULLY* bleeds.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same Vestibule.

*Enter VARIUS, with TITINIUS newly arrived
 at Athens.*

TITINIUS.

WHAT mean these sumptuous preparations ?
 Is this a time for either pomp or pleasure ?
 When two, the best and boldest sons of *Rome*,
 The justest cause too that was e'er defended,
 Are on the very brink of their destruction.

VARIUS.

VARIUS.

O wrong not sacred *Athens*, Sir, the nurse,
The mother of all arts and sciences :
Has she spread wit and learning thro' the world,
Nay soften'd *Rome* herself (but rough before)
To arts, to eloquence, and gentler manners,
And is she now upbraided ?

TITINIUS.

Fallacious eloquence, and useless arts !
I own her learning ; but that polishing
Has but too much weaken'd our harder steel.
Our ancient, rough, and manly worth now bends
At the hard touch of perils and of toils.
Our gold is melted to a finer shape,
But mix'd with dross of flatt'ry and corruption.
How else could BRUTUS be a banish'd man ?
Or how could liberty fly here for refuge ?

VARIUS.

And whither should it fly, if not to *Athens* ?
The school of all philosophy and virtue.
Our public recreations here are sacred :
This day th' *Athenians*, ever true to virtue,
In this low ebb, in spite of pow'rful *Rome*,
Have kept their custom, tho' against their safety,
And consecrated sports for your success.

TITINIUS.

Is't possible ? Pardon a stranger's error,

Newly

Newly arriv'd with succours from afar,
Sent from the gods, I think: for 'tis their cause;
And unknown regions have espous'd our quarrel.

VARIUS.

The sports are just beginning; I have time
Only to let you know these are not trifles,
Or such as are in nations loose of manners;
But solemn celebrations to the gods,
With pious hymns imploring their protection.
Wise *Athens* ever has indulg'd diversions
With more magnificence than greatest princes:
But they are all dispos'd in praise of virtue,
Inspiring courage, generosity,
And most of all, affection to their country.
How think you now, TITINIUS?

TITINIUS.

I recant,
And grow myself impatient for your pleasure.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The scene opens, and discovers the magnificent temple of BACCHUS, where the public entertainments were wont to be celebrated at Athens. The statue of BRUTUS being this day erected, is supposed to be the occasion of these solemnities, and must appear in the furthermost part of the stage.

After the shews and songs are over, BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and VARIUS remain on the stage.

LUCILIUS.

By these refin'd diversions, we perceive
This town retains its old magnificence.
No wonder ATTICUS, so nice a judge,
When he retir'd, preferr'd this place to all.

VARIUS.

Philosophy is highly't honour'd here ;
And from that fountain of superior wisdom
Flows all this stream of arts and sciences.

BRUTUS.

Here poetry, harmoniously divine,
Is most transporting, thus accompany'd

With

With artful paintings, and melodious sounds.
The muses join in all *Athenian* pleasures.

VARIUS.

But that which has occasion'd these delights,
Gives the true taste to all ; your matchless merit.

BRUTUS.

Hold, VARIUS ; too much has been said already
In compliment : and I receive it only
As honour done me for *Rome's* sake, not mine.
So prizes, taken but by vulgar hands,
Are brought in triumph to the capitol.

LUCILIUS.

Yet then, we know, that leader justly triumphs,
Under whose conduct those rich spoils are gain'd.

BRUTUS.

But were our conduct equal to our cause,
In which the noble CASSIUS and myself
Have here engag'd all *Asia* on our side ;
Yet the whole world deliver'd, must acknowledge
All owing to this gen'rous commonwealth.

VARIUS.

Rome could not fail to find support in *Athens*,
Her elder sister, both in arts and arms,
And great protectress of fair liberty ;
That liberty to which she owes her splendor.

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

Most truly noted : from whence ever came
Good sense, or learning, arts of peace, or war ?
Deepness of thought, or nobleness of nature ?
Except where liberty inlarg'd the mind ?

VARIUS.

The very air of freedom breeds great souls,
Which education ripens into virtue.

BRUTUS.

And here inspires the usefullest of virtues,
Tender affection to our native country.

VARIUS.

My friends and near relations, when I took
My tender leave, after a thousand councils,
Assur'd me that their greatest satisfaction
Was, that they sent me to this famous place,
Where wisdom, and where virtue best are taught ;
And own'd, when *Romans* write the most politely,
Their highest praise is to have copy'd well.

BRUTUS.

TULLY himself confesses *Greece* superior :
Yet he, of all our famous wits of *Rome*,
Shines much the brightest.

VARIUS.

Such applause from BRUTUS,
Is a reward equal to all his merit.

TITINIUS.

TITINIUS.

To be esteem'd by you, the greatest kings
Here send their legions, and have lent their treasure.

BRUTUS.

And timely comes this aid. Advice from *Rome*
Assures us, all their force is on the march.

VARIUS.

I thought dissension was among their chiefs,
Each of them striving to set up himself.

Enter CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

Just now is come most unexpected news;
Our foes have forc'd their gen'als to be friends,
And call'd it civil war to fight in quarrels
Between OCTAVIUS and ANTONY;
Yet think their war is lawful against us.

TITINIUS.

Alas! what reas'ning can there be in fools,
Who, bred in faction, blindly join with knaves?

LUCILIUS.

They are for licence, not for liberty;
And love those gen'als best, who lead to mischief.

BRUTUS.

You have describ'd a state just ripe for ruin.

CASSIUS.

Small marches need they make, to meet a foe

So

So eager as we are, to free our country.

Oh the delay is tiresome !

BRUTUS:

Yet have patience ;
With vigour act, but think of all with caution.

CASSIUS.

Our rendezvous is settled at *Philippi*.

BRUTUS:

Thither you march to-night, and I to-morrow.
But JUNIA comes, I fear, to mourn your absence.

[*Exeunt. Manet CASSIUS.*]

SCENE III.

Enter JUNIA.

JUNIA.

Now, all the gods that guard the innocent,
Protect my CASSIUS ! they are marching hither :
Ruin is rolling on us from afar.

CASSIUS.

Not hither, JUNIA ; we shall spare their pains ;
Our forces intercept their bold presumption,
And I just now am making haste to meet them.

JUNIA.

Come then away ; with you all pains are easy ;
I am this moment ready for the journey.

T

CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

Ready, alas ! you must not for this world
 Share in the shifts and hazards I must run ;
 Virtue, like yours, here none will dare to harm ;
 And while you stay in *Athens*, I am easy ;
 My dear, and better half, is out of danger.

JUNIA.

And am I yet more wretched than I thought ?
 I had no comfort left for your misfortunes,
 But that I was to share 'em ev'ry where :
 And will you take that from me ? O 'tis hard !
 You would not, if you saw my fighting heart.

CASSIUS.

And you should go, did I not doubt my own :
 But 'tis so tender always towards you,
 It shakes, alas ! my firmest resolutions.
 I, like some skilful swimmer in a shipwreck,
 Grasping his only treasure in his arms,
 May, for thy sake, make too much haste to shore,
 Leaving the bark with all my friends behind.
 Your sighs would blow away my best resolves,
 Soften my soul, and slacken all its strength.
 When all's at stake, I eagerly may fix
 My mind on you, and never think beyond.

JUNIA.

Beyond ! why, is there any thing beyond
 The dear, the charming object of our love ?
 Mere thought of that is height of happiness.

What

What image have we of *Elysian* bowers,
But such a gentle, calm, contented state?
What has this trifle of a world to do
With a blest pair, who live embracing thus?

CASSIUS.

What says my charmer? can I leave this woman?
I could look thus, and languish here for ever.
Yet there's one tie, more dear than life, or love;
'Tis honour, and the sacred good of *Rome*.
For these I kill'd the greatest man on earth,
Engag'd the best and noblest of mankind
(And saying that, I need not name your brother)
To stab his friend, and his own heart at once.
Since I have done all this, I must do more;
Leave JUNIA here, and all my joys behind.

JUNIA.

Did I e'er think that CASSIUS would forsake me?

CASSIUS.

Forsake! I leave you as the richest pledge
Which can be giv'n to this illustrious city.
That *Rome* itself can be no dearer to me,
Than friendly *Athens* for protecting you.

JUNIA.

Jewels we prize we seldom leave behind:
Oh take me with you! my officious love
Perhaps may shield you from some sudden danger,
Softens your angry and uneasy hours,

T 2

And

And make adversity itself seem pleasing.
My love could do all this, if yours were equal.

[Weeps.

CASSIUS.

All this! nay more; what cannot JUNIA do?
Then, since I dare not hazard you in armies,
I will stay here, and die within your arms.

JUNIA.

You die! Oh heav'n! the very sound of that
Checks my designs, and chills all my desires.

CASSIUS.

Hast thou not heard, how hard ungrateful *Rome*
Pursues the men who once deliver'd her,
And riots in the blood of her redeemers?
Two of our band they have destroy'd already,
And vow to spare no murderer of CÆSAR;
That is to say, no man that lov'd his country,
Ruin'd himself, only to rescue her.

JUNIA.

Oh! I have talk'd too long: go on, make haste;
I am not wont, alas! to use this language,
But now I can say nothing else: away;
No matter what becomes of me; away.

CASSIUS.

Your spotless fame must always be your guard,
Rudeness itself will reverence such virtue.
I must immediately haste to our friends,
Who all assembled in the fields of *Sardis*,

Wait

Wait there for me and BRUTUS. He, to-morrow,
Shall follow, at the head of mighty numbers,
Rais'd only by the credit of our cause;
A cause, well worthy of the world to succour!
Oh! while I languish out this long, long absence,
Take care of all my treasure, thy dear self.

JUNIA.

Farewel! thou truest, kindest, best of men!
But one look more—and then a long farewell
To all content—all, till we meet again.

[Exit CASSIUS. Manet JUNIA.]

SCENE IV.

Enter VARIUS.

VARIUS.

JUNIA in tears! so shines an *April* sun;
And so the precious dew that drops on flowers,
Steals down unheeded by the vulgar eye:
But I admire this master-piece of nature.

JUNIA.

Alas! my lord, CASSIUS is gone to *Sardis*.

VARIUS.

Is't possible? So I was told before,
Yet never could believe it till this moment.

JUNIA.

Why, was it not determin'd so in council?

T 3

VARIUS.

VARIUS.

I must confess it was debated there,
And wish'd by some, that all our force at *Sardis*
Had some great chief, for keeping martial sway:
But who could hope that *CASSIUS* would be willing
To part from you, one day, without occasion?

JUNIA.

Is it so strange that *CASSIUS* should be forward
In all the proofs of courage, or of conduct?

VARIUS.

His fame forbids I should have such a thought.
But yet——

JUNIA.

But what? I cannot guess your meaning.

VARIUS.

Not all the noble discipline of war,
Strict rules of conduct, heat of martial prowess,
The faith of friendship, or the oaths of leagues,
Not fame itself, no nor the public good,
Deserve to be preferr'd to *JUNIA*'s love.

JUNIA.

But *Rome*'s at stake.

VARIUS.

And well it would be lost,
For staying here one night within those arms.

JUNIA.

VARIUS, so high a compliment as this

Shews

Shews you have study'd long at courtly *Athens*;
Where you have learn'd to know all things, but me:
Who, tho' I value CAIUS CASSIUS,
As slaves do liberty, or sick men health,
Nay more than most of my own sex love power;
Yet (what I think the very worst of fates)
I would lose sight of that dear man for ever,
Rather than see him fail our country's cause.

VARIUS.

Oh ample recompence for all his troubles,
To be so lov'd by you! but is he grateful,
Who can so easily endure your absence?

JUNIA.

I mourn for his, and judge his grief by mine.
Retirement suits a solitary wife,
And melancholy loves to be alone.

[Offers to go out.

VARIUS.

But should not be indulg'd against your health.

[Stops her.

Rather shine forth, and cheer your brother's soul,
Which daily sinks beneath a thousand cares.

JUNIA.

His soul's too great to need such feeble help.
Besides, tho' priz'd he be above expression,
Yet ev'n his friendship must nor vie with love:
One thought of CASSIUS out-weighs all things else;

T 4

CASSIUS,

CASSIUS, whose noble soul would ne'er submit
 To him who domineer'd o'er all besides ;
 CASSIUS, contriver of the tyrant's fall ;
 And (what is more, far more than all the rest)
 That hardy man who mov'd it first to BRUTUS :
 This man, my husband, or my hero rather,
 Shall with his presence ever cheer my eyes,
 Or in his absence take up all my thoughts.

[Exit JUNIA.]

SCENE V.

Enter BRUTUS:

BRUTUS.

My sister weeping ! tho' her reason governs,
 I judge her grief for CASSIUS, by my own ;
 For PORTIA's absence sits upon my heart :
 Nor need I blush to bear the tender burthen,
 So much she merits, and so well she loves.
 But public cares must silence private grief ;
 Since ev'ry hour some fresh expresses tell
 New fatal turns in *Rome*, portending ill :
 The wav'ring LEPIDUS, (perceiving CÆSAR
 Had cunningly agreed with ANTONY)
 Tho' with a greater army, yields to them.

VARIUS.

What says the noble BRUTUS ?—JUNIA gone !

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

Is VARIUS deaf to dangers of his country ?

VARIUS.

Forbid it, Jove ! but JUNIA's melancholy,
So very moving, took up all my thoughts.

BRUTUS.

Too moving, I'm afraid.

VARIUS.

Indeed, my lord,
Had you perceiv'd the charms of weeping beauty,
That gorgeous drefs which sorrow had put on,
(Out-shining all the gaiety of youth,
The pleasing smiles of mirth, and airs of joy)
Your gentle nature would be mov'd like mine.

BRUTUS.

Why you have drawn a picture, my young VARIUS,
Like any poet, nay, like any lover.
What, does that word draw forth a guilty blush ?
Be not alarm'd, no more than I am, VARIUS ;
JUNIA's strict virtue, and known love to CASSIUS,
Fully prevent my fears, unless for you ;
Whose father's wond'rous merit, and your own,
Give me a soft concern, as for a son.
She is above your very vainest hopes :
Not the most tempting charms of wit, or worth,
Most graceful forms, or dazling shew of greatness,
Can make impression on a mind like her's ;
Who, tho' my sister, forces praises from me.

VARIUS.

VARIUS.

Too much, alas ! I join in JUNIA's praise :
My eager thoughts still fly before your words,
And find them short, far short of JUNIA's due.

BRUTUS.

Then whence can rise self-flatt'ring expectation ?
Can VARIUS reason thus against himself,
And act quite contrary to what he thinks ?
Oh what is man, when blinded with his passion !

VARIUS.

Why just that creature heav'n thought fit to make
him.

You are, indeed, exempt from all our follies,
And rest serene within : yet pity others !
Behold, I own my undisguis'd offence,
And freely open all my thoughts to you ;
To you, who are a very god to VARIUS,
Who can at once forgive, and cure my weakness.

BRUTUS.

But only by despair : without that help,
There is no god himself can give you ease :
A sharp, I must confess, but certain cure.
Our stoical philosophy instructs us,
A wise man is above the reach of JOVE,
Yet hardly 'scapes the worst of demons, love.
But since good JUNIA's soul is firm as fate,
Be yours so too. What helps it to be learn'd !

Or

Or to be wise in bus'ness of the world?
 Nay, where would be the good to rule that world,
 Without an inward pow'r to govern passion?
 The man disturb'd within, is but a player;
 May act abroad, perhaps, some hero's part,
 But sinks at home, a low, uneasy slave.

VARIUS.

To teach, is easy; but to learn, is hard.
 As well might heav'nly SOCRATES infuse
 His own wise temper, while he taught his morals,
 As BRUTUS raise my soul to equal his.

BRUTUS.

Be not so modest, VARIUS, nor so courtly;
 BRUTUS is not your mistress, but your friend.
 The *Roman* virtue shines so bright in you,
 Nothing is wanting to make up perfection
 But your command o'er this unfruitful passion.
 Love, ev'n when most successful, makes not happy.
 Sometimes indeed, pleasure beyond expression
 Possesses all at once both mind and body,
 Confounding soul and sense with height of rapture.
 But what allays o'erbalance all this joy!
 Frequent disquiets, doubts, and jealousies;
 Sometimes the pains of absence, and sometimes,
 Amidst the bliss, a dismal dread to lose it.
 At best the pleasure is but intermitting,
 While the uneasy fever never ceases.
 But love, when slighted, is intolerable:

Who

Who courts the fairest tyrant, is a fool,
And lives a martyr in the meanest cause.

VARIUS.

Enough, enough, I am already cur'd,
At least till JUNIA is beheld again.

BRUTUS.

'Tis half a cure in love to wish for one.
Give me your hand, you'll march with me to-mor-
row ;
Where you will drown your sighs in sounds of war,
And turn your tend'rest thoughts on your poor
country.

[*Exeunt* BRUTUS and VARIUS.]

Second CHORUS.

Of Athenian Youths and Virgins. By Mr. POPE.

YOUTHS,

O Tyrant love ! hast thou possess'd
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast ?
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
VARIUS with blushes owns he loves,
And BRUTUS tenderly reproves.
Why, virtue, dost thou blame desire,
Which nature has impress'd ?
Why, nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and gen'rous breast ?

VIRGINS.

VIRGINS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve ;
 The gods, and BRUTUS bend to love :
 BRUTUS for absent PORTIA sighs,
 And sterner CASSIUS melts at JUNIA's eyes.

What is loose love ? A wand'ring fire,
 A transient fit of fond desire.

But HYMEN's flames like stars unite,

And burn for ever one ;

Chaste, as cold CYNTHIA's virgin light,

Productive as the sun.

YOUTHS.

What various joys on one attend,

As son, as father, husband, friend ?

Whether his hoary fire he spies,

And finds a thousand grateful thoughts arise,

Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,

Or views his smiling progeny ;

What tender passions take their turns ?

What home-felt raptures move ?

His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,

With rev'rence, hope and love.

CHORUS of Both.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,

False oaths, false tears, deceits, disguises,

Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes,

(Fires

(Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine)
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure,
 Sacred HYMEN ! these are thine.

ACT III. SCENE I.

In the same Vestibule.

Enter BRUTUS, JUNIA, LUCILIUS.

LUCILIUS.

A Messenger express arriv'd from *Rome*,
 Is entering mournfully the palace gates ;
 And, as he passes, weeping all the way.

BRUTUS.

My mind forbodes ; speak, is my PORTIA well ?

Enter messenger, who gives a letter to BRUTUS.

MESSENGER.

She is, Sir.

BRUTUS.

Then I hope to bear the worst.

“ My duty forces me to send you news, [Reads.
 “ Which, tho' you needs must know, I grieve to
 write.

I

“ Two

“ Two hundred of the noblest rank in *Rome*
 “ Proscrib’d, and murder’d : *CICERO* himself
 “ Given up by false *OCTAVIUS* to his foes.”
 Good heav’ns ! to whom do ye dispose mankind ?

[*Drops the letter.*

Sad fate, indeed ! so great a villainy
 Is most surprizing, tho’ ’tis done by them. [*Weeps.*

JUNIA.

Dismal indeed ! but oh my dearest brother,
 Let not your tender mind be too much touch’d ;
 Practise that patience which you now have taught me.
CASSIUS is absent, I am desolate,
 Yet *Rome* (you said) must take up all my thoughts.

BRUTUS.

And therefore ’tis for *Rome* I most lament,
 At once depriv’d of her most worthy sons !
 These sons are to be envy’d, not bemoan’d ;
 Most noble suff’rers in their country’s cause :
 Great *CICERO* lives still, shall live for ever ;
 While men can read, or value worth or learning.
 But *Rome* herself appears all pale before me,
 Gushing out tears, and wringing helpless hands ;
Rome, Rome has lost her best, her purest blood !

[*Weeps again.*

JUNIA.

BRUTUS, be cheer’d : her vital parts remain ;
 In you and *CASSIUS* flows the *Roman* spirit,
 That still inspires whole armies on her side.

LUCILIUS.

LUCILIUS.

'Tis nobly, truly said ; and you, bright JUNIA ;
Possess a soul, tho' in a softer frame,
Lofty enough to animate ev'n them.

BRUTUS.

She does, LUCILIUS ; and were PORTIA here,
(But I, alas ! shall never be so happy)

CASSIUS and I should be but followers
Of them in the defence of liberty.

But oh ! my CICERO ! who speaks thy praise,
Must have a tongue like thine, beyond the bounds
Of *Roman* eloquence ; and fit to fill
The mouth of fame with never-dying sounds.

JUNIA.

How could OCTAVIUS consent to lose him,
The best, as well as wisest of his friends ?

BRUTUS.

Ambition over-eager, checks at nothing ;
A goodly, but a dang'rous bird of prey ;
Flies at all game, and never to be tam'd,
She pecks, and tears the hand on which she sits.
I often warn'd good TULLY of his danger ;
But all in vain, when heav'n will have it so.
He wish'd himself with us, at CÆSAR's death,
And heartily, I doubt not ; tho' his foes
Suspected his too soft and tender nature.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

*Enter some liſtors, bringing in THEODOTUS
with them bound as a priſoner.*

LICTOR.

We have diſcover'd here THEODOTUS,
Odious to all mankind for POMPEY's death.

JUNIA.

What ! he that made a formal ſpeech for murder ?
And with a philoſophic gravity
Sanctify'd miſchief with a rev'rend tongue ?
The orator wants words in his own cauſe.

BRUTUS.

Speak for thyſelf ; that juſtice thou ſhalt have.

THEODOTUS.

Had I not often own'd my crime with tears,
So ſelf-condemn'd already ; or if BRUTUS
Were not my judge, the good, the faultleſs BRUTUS,
Black tho' I now appear, and all diſfigur'd
With common prejudice ; yet I might give
Fair colour to this hated, foul offence.
But who can ſtand the teſt of ſtricteſt juſtice ?
Or how can words avail to ſway the wiſe ?
This wiſdom and this juſtice are in BRUTUS.
So much ſuperior thou to other men,

U

That

That at thy judgment-seat, the greatest art
Is useless to excuse the smallest fault.

BRUTUS.

Say boldly all thou canst.

THEODOTUS.

Else, I may say 'tis hard to be condemn'd
For doing that, which if I had not done,
I might have justly been condemn'd by those
Who summon'd me to council for their safety.
I thought their safety ask'd for POMPEY's death :
O that I could redeem it with my own !
POMPEY was great, was good, was wise, was valiant,
But yet was vanquish'd by more happy CÆSAR ;
Who, had his foe been spar'd, would soon have
shewn

A real rage, which now he but affected.
Could *Egypt* stop the victor of *Pharsalia* ?
All we could give was but a poor reprieve,
A hardship worse than death to minds resolv'd.
Rome and her liberty entirely lost,
POMPEY would have disdain'd a life precarious,
Which yet had cost our king and country dear.
Would he had counsell'd, and would I had dy'd !
For he, who, as a *Roman*, died for *Rome* ;
If born with us, would have advis'd for *Egypt*.

JUNIA.

With all thy guilt, how durst thou name great
POMPEY ?

THEO-

THEODOTUS.

Ev'n he was guilty once, and slew your father.
Yet, grant he was the bravest, best of men,
Victorious often in the cause of *Rome*,
While I was but a counsellor for *Egypt* ;
Since same rewards his service to his country,
Should I be punish'd for assisting mine ?

BRUTUS.

If words could change the nature of ill deeds,
Thy head would be indebted to thy tongue,
Which, I must needs confess, has done its part,
And makes my tender nature wish thee hence,
Out of my reach, as well as will to punish.
But here I stand the substitute of *Rome* ;
Which with united sighs bemoans her POMPEY,
And weeping waits to have his death reveng'd.
Thy worthless prince and country were too slight
A sacrifice to POMPEY. At his feet
CÆSAR himself was not too great to fall :
Think but on that, and thou wilt die content.
[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and officers with THEODOTUS.*
'Twere barbarous to reason with a wretch
Long since condemn'd to die by *Rome's* decree.
But he was no *Egyptian*, as he pleaded ;
Nor subject to that prince he so advis'd.

JUNIA.

What king or country dares be so audacious
To hurt the meanest senator of *Rome* ?

How then durst any think of killing POMPEY ?

BRUTUS.

Presumptuous wickedness ! POMPEY o'ercome,
Abandon'd by his friends, a fugitive,
At mercy of the meanest, basest villain ;
Yet in that lowest ebb was much too high
For such a prince as PTOLEMY to reach.
From PTOLEMY, prostrate at POMPEY's feet,
Not only aid, but reverence was due.
That chief escaping, might have chang'd *Rome's* fate ;
And the whole world had been oblig'd to *Egypt*.

SCENE III.

Enter LUCILIUS.

LUCILIUS.

Base villainy is seldom at a stand,
But still proceeding on to greater mischief :
From murd'ring senators at *Rome*, they now
Lift their aspiring treachery to BRUTUS.
The wise *Athenians* watchful of your safety,
Have newly seiz'd a slave in foul disguise ;
Who on the rack confesses all the crime.
“ Hie thee to *Athens* (said the base OCTAVIUS)
“ And save thy master, save us all, save *Rome*,
“ Go, purchase fame and freedom by a blow :
“ Our foes are all united in that BRUTUS ;
“ He,

"He, he alone inspir'd the death of CÆSAR.

"Be desperate, be secret, and be rich."

BRUTUS.

I pity the poor wretch; he knows no better.

At his return how would his master grieve

To find me safer here than he at *Rome*?

He does but shoot these arrows in the air.

LUCILIUS.

Except at *Rome* infected by our foes,

Virtue like yours is ev'ry where secure,

And claims the just protection of mankind.

JUNIA.

Your life is so important,

Youths quit their pleasures, soldiers flight their pay,

Ev'n misers leave their wealth to watch your safety.

BRUTUS.

Let go the slave to tell OCTAVIUS this.

LUCILIUS.

What! save that wretch?

BRUTUS.

Both save and let him go.

In this attempt he but obey'd his master.

[Exit LUCILIUS.

Oh that there were no *Romans* worse than he!

This slave would kill, but 'tis to get his freedom!

But, ah! ev'n senators are growing slaves,

Careless of honour, void of honesty,

U 3

Forgetting

Forgetting all their noble ancestors,
And ruining a glorious commonwealth !

Enter TITINIUS *and* LUCILIUS *again.*

TITINIUS.

CASSIUS has sent me here with this reply,
He wants that gold himself, which you would borrow ;

Of which, at meeting, you shall have account.
These letters I have brought for noble JUNIA.

[JUNIA goes out with the letters.]

LUCILIUS.

Your legions then must stay till his are paid.

BRUTUS.

Think not the worst, LUCILIUS, ere it comes :
At *Sardis* we shall meet by break of day.
I'll take an hour's repose, and then for *Sardis*.
Good night to both.

LUCILIUS.

Rest to your noble thoughts.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

BRUTUS remains, laid on his couch.

BRUTUS.

'Tis but in vain, sleep is not to be courted,
Sing, boy, the song that PORTIA likes so well,

And

And sooth my thoughts with some melodious sounds.

[*Soft music and song.*]

Man is himself an instrument of music ;
 But yet some string is always out of tune,
 And ev'ry sound we make shews our confusion.
 Why should this death of CÆSAR trouble me ?
 I did it not for anger, or ambition ;
 But for mere honesty, and public good ;
 Nay, good to him ; for in my own opinion,
 'Tis better much to die, than live unjustly.
 My fellow-citizens, my kindred, friends,
 All sunk at once beneath his rising fortune.
 And should I tamely suffer an usurper
 T'enslave mankind, because he smiles on me ?
 Friendship indeed is the most tempting bribe ;
 But justice should be blind to all its beauty.
 And yet a restlessness attends such deeds,
 Tho' ne'er so just ; something that feels unwieldy,
 That sits uneasy on a gentle nature :
 I cannot sleep, unless I shake it off.

SCENE V.

Enter a spirit in the shape of CÆSAR, full of wounds.

Sure I sleep now, or else my eyes delude me :
 I know 'tis fancy all ; and yet I stagger.

U 4

Ha !

Ha ! it comes on ! What art thou ? When alive,
Tho' arm'd with pow'r, adorn'd with fame and
greatness,

I fear'd thee not, because thou wert unjust ;
But more than human now, thou seem'st above me !
Speak, unknown being, I conjure thee, speak.

SPIRIT.

I am thy evil genius, MARCUS BRUTUS,
And have assum'd this shape, to give thee terror.

BRUTUS.

Terror ! how can'st thou to know me no better ?
Sure thou art ignorant, as well as evil.

SPIRIT.

Is murder then no crime ?

BRUTUS.

Killing is none ;
When done not for ourselves, but for our country,

SPIRIT.

Not for yourself indeed ; you stabb'd your friend,

BRUTUS.

Friend ! oh thou touchest now my tender part !
Oh name that word no more !

SPIRIT.

A friend ! a friend !

BRUTUS.

But what's a friend, compar'd with public good ?
Convince

Convince me, if thou can'st : oh, teach me truth !
 And shew me but one glimpse of future being,
 Of which we talk so much, yet know so little !
 Dispel these mists that muffle poor mankind,
 And open to me all that glorious scene !
 Shew me where virtue smiles and sits enthron'd,
 And where morality finds just reward ;
 'Tis sure, above : for ill men prosper here.

SPIRIT.

Soon at *Philippi* thou shalt know it all.

BRUTUS.

Shall we then meet again ?

SPIRIT.

Yes, at *Philippi*.

BRUTUS.

I'll meet thee there. I'll meet thee any-where.

[*Exit Spirit.*

Now I am resolute, the shadow flies,
 And vanishes together with my fear.
 What hoa !

Enter Boy.

My lord !

BRUTUS.

Did you see nothing ?

Boy.

No.

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

Nor hear me speak?

BOY.

Nothing at all, my lord.

BRUTUS.

Let ev'ry thing be ready for our march ;
 And call me up, be sure, by break of day.
 Till then I'll sleep within.

[*Exeunt.*]

Third CHORUS.

Of Roman *Senators.*

I.

DArk is the maze poor mortals tread ;
 Wisdom itself a guide will need ;
 We little thought, when CÆSAR bled,
 That a worse CÆSAR would succeed.
 And are we under such a curse,
 We cannot change, but for the worse ?

II.

With fair pretence of foreign force,
 By which *Rome* must herself enthrall ;
 These, without blushes or remorse,
 Proscribe the best, impoverish all.

The

The *Gauls* themselves, our greatest foes,
Could act no mischiefs worse than those.

III.

That JULIUS, with ambitious thoughts,
Had virtues too, his foes could find ;
These equal him in all his faults,
But never in his noble mind.
That free-born spirits should obey
Wretches, who know not to sway !

IV.

Late we repent our hasty choice,
In vain bemoan so quick a turn.
Hark all to *Rome's* united voice !
Better that we a while had borne
Ev'n all those ills which most displease,
Than sought a cure far worse than the disease.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A field near Philippi, where CASSIUS and BRUTUS made the rendezvous of their armies.

Enter BRUTUS and Officers.

BRUTUS.

TIS here that I and CASSIUS were to join :
What say our scouts ? Is any army near ?

OFFICER.

The rising dust discovers their approach ;
And some, impatient of so slow a march,
Are just arriv'd before to meet their friends.

Enter LUCILIUS.

BRUTUS.

O, here's LUCILIUS, whom I sent to CASSIUS.

LUCILIUS.

CASSIUS, my lord, salutes the noble BRUTUS,
And hastens to embrace him.

BRUTUS.

O LUCILIUS !

CASSIUS is alter'd much, or ill advis'd ;
Has, I am loth to say it, done some things

Which

Which do not well become so great a man.
But, since he is so near, I'll stay my censure,
And wish to find my jealousy mistaken.
But, good LUCILIUS, how did he receive you,
When you brought friendly notice I was near?

LUCILIUS.

With forms, and compliments, and great respect,
Out-doing enemies in ceremony;
But no familiarity betwixt us;
None of that free and friendly conference
Which we have us'd of old: and when he nam'd you,
'Twas always with such set, affected praise,
As if the commendation had no meaning,
But to be told again.

BRUTUS.

I am afraid

Thou judgest but too right: nothing is nobler
Than friendship, till it once begins to fail;
But then asham'd, and conscious of defect,
It hides itself in compliment and care:
At the first shock, off falls the frail disguise;
Falseness is foolish, and betrays itself.
There is no art in plain and friendly truth,
Which like the sun shines forth by its own light.
Violent minds sometimes make glorious shew,
Like gilding shine, equal to real gold,
But in the usage, how much difference!
Hark! he's arriv'd; march gently on to meet him.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Enter CASSIUS, &c.

CASSIUS.

Embracing thus is but a thing of form ;
For 'tis not fit that both our armies here
Should once suspect the least dispute between us.

BRUTUS.

The common cause indeed requires our care ;
And all our discontents should yield to that.

CASSIUS.

BRUTUS, let us retire into my tent,
Lest here by chance some unbecoming word
Break out too loud.

BRUTUS.

Are we so little masters of ourselves ?
How can we then be fit to govern armies ?

CASSIUS.

You think yourself above those common frailties.

BRUTUS.

The stoics are above unruly passion.
But, since you would retire, I am content
My soldiers may remove beyond those fields.
LUCILIUS, march a little off this ground :
Let your men do the like, under pretence

Of

Of our conferring about great affairs ;
Indeed our greatest ; for a home dispute
Is of more consequence than foreign dangers.

CASSIUS.

TITINIUS, let my forces move away
To yonder plain, and leave us all alone ;
'Tis necessary we should be in private.

[Exeunt all, except BRUTUS and CASSIUS.]

S C E N E III.

CASSIUS.

You ask'd me fifty talents for your legions,
And in a style as to your treasurer,
As if I should prefer yours to my own :
Am I to be impos'd on thus by you ?

BRUTUS.

Sure, CASSIUS little knows the force of friendship ;
Writing so freely, shew'd my trust and kindness.
He that desires a favour from a friend,
Does him the greatest in desiring it.

CASSIUS.

Come, I must tell you, over-great applause
Lifts you too high. Should I, who kill'd ev'n CÆSAR,
Only for his excessive pow'r and pride,
Should I at last submit thus to another ?
From a superior my stars defend me !

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

From a superior ! you little know me :
I scarce would be superior to my slaves,
Except in virtue ; that is worthy pride.

CASSIUS.

Then think not, Sir, of being above me.

BRUTUS.

I wish I were not, by these weak suspicions.
What ! jealous of a friend ? it moves my pity.

CASSIUS.

Pity ! I scorn it.

BRUTUS.

Scorn your rage, that moves it.
My pity is not, ought not, to be slighted :
'Tis like the kind compassion of a parent,
Full of concern, and free from all contempt,
Rather deserves your thanks than your reproach.

CASSIUS.

My thanks ! for what ? for domineering o'er me ?

BRUTUS.

Yet reason has some right to govern passion.

CASSIUS.

BRUTUS, you have an over-ruling way,
Which, under colour of a patient calmness,
Expects compliance with your gentle temper.
But I see thro' it.

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

See ! your passion blinds you.

CASSIUS.

You have no passion, yet provoke another's.

BRUTUS.

Is it provoking to inform a brother
Of faults no other dares presume to tell him,
And yet most necessary he should know ?
Your troops have done most dismal outrages ;
Forc'd harmless wretches from their native homes,
Slighted the widows and the orphans tears,
Gather'd their last remains with greedy gripe ;
That which poor swains had labour'd for whole years,
Is in one moment plunder'd by your soldiers.
This sinks our cause, which rose at first so glorious.
Shall we, who soar'd so high in reputation,
And open'd ev'ry mouth in our just praises,
Now on a sudden fall to dire oppression ?
Shall we at last pull down with our own hands
That lofty fabric of well-founded honour ?

CASSIUS.

Am I to answer for it ?

BRUTUS.

With your fame ;
That stands expos'd to ev'ry just man's censure.

CASSIUS.

Go on no more ; I will no longer bear it.

X

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

By heav'n you shall hear all ; then do your worst.
Dare I not say whatever you dare act ?
Am I not equally concern'd with you
In this great war for freedom of our country ?
Yet must not tell whatever hurts our cause ?

CASSIUS.

Tempt me no farther, Sir ; you may repent it.

BRUTUS.

Tempt not you me with all your furious looks :
I am above your threats, and can look down
Both on yourself and them.

CASSIUS.

Were it not for the cause we have in hand,
I would not bear this heap of injuries.

BRUTUS.

I injure ! Where is that unlucky man
Who can with reason make complaint of me ?
If any, I'll acknowledge it with shame.
The man who wrongs his meanest adversary,
Exalts his enemy above himself.
And can you think that I could injure CASSIUS,
My brother, and my friend ?

CASSIUS.

If hearing lyes
With greedy ears, and soon believing them ;
If misinterpreting whate'er I do,

And

And representing things in foulest colours,
Can be call'd wronging, who was e'er so wrong'd?

BRUTUS.

If I have said one word that sounds unkindly,
My tongue has slipp'd, and quite deceiv'd my heart,
That melts like wax before your hottest anger.
Behold my tears for having so much vex'd you.

CASSIUS.

What says my BRUTUS? Speak that word again :
Am I not then so full, so full of faults?

BRUTUS.

It was my frailty to presume so much.

CASSIUS.

And mine to be suspicious of my BRUTUS.
All shall be mended.

BRUTUS.

But can you forgive
Too sharp expressions, tho' with kind intent?

CASSIUS.

So kind intent, I own the obligation.
No man but BRUTUS durst have spoke so boldly ;
No man but BRUTUS would have spoke so kindly.

BRUTUS.

Oh ! CASSIUS, nothing but the tender'st friendship,
And when I thought it for the public good,
Could have embolden'd me to censure you.

CASSIUS.

Embrace me close, and witness how my heart
Leaps up transported with this sudden change.

BRUTUS.

It was an eager argument indeed,
But ends as it should do between such friends,
Resenting nothing but their country's wrongs.
Methinks good spirits hov'ring all around us,
Should to the world proclaim our happy union,
Now, while our enemies combine in mischief.
Thus firmly join'd, we'll first be conquerors,
Then make all *Rome* contented as ourselves.

S C E N E IV.

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

CASSIUS.

Come in, LUCILIUS; welcome, good TITINIUS.
Let us consult of our necessities,
And manage well this last important stake.

BRUTUS.

The state is thus at *Rome*: my letter mentions
Full fifty senators, with thousands more,
Newly proscrib'd; and CICERO is one.

CASSIUS.

CICERO one! that talking friend of CÆSAR!
OCTAVIUS has well paid him for his pains;
May ill men ever use each other so.

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

Oh! gently censure ev'n a foe when dead.
See, CASSIUS, here the curse of over-caution.
The wary walker, who mistrusts too much,
Treads not so firm, but faintly, and so stumbles :
Thus TULLY fell, by too much fear of falling.

CASSIUS.

But ANTONY and young OCTAVIUS
Are marching hither with a mighty force :
The useless LEPIDUS is left at *Rome*.

BRUTUS.

The question is, whether we had not best
Haste on, with anger bent against our foes,
Rather than tamely wait their bold assault.

CASSIUS.

I am for staying here : my reason this ;
So long a march must weary out our strength,
Which rest will give us here. Let them come on,
And, tir'd with toil, expose their bending bodies
Under our lusty arms, vig'rous and fresh :
Besides, in this we take the stoutest part ;
For resolute expecting certain danger
Shews the most settled courage ; while the coward
Runs often fiercely on to shun his fear,
And swallow down in haste the bitter draught.

BRUTUS.

Some reasons have a strange fallacious force ;

Just as the pleasing colours us'd by artists
Delude the very fight. But, in my judgment,
It tires our army more to tarry here.
Opinion is the soul of ev'ry action ;
Keep but that up, that keeps up all the rest :
And 'tis maintain'd by marks of resolution,
By rushing on the foe, forcing to fight,
Not ling'ring here behind with slacken'd vigour.
We must depend upon our zeal and cause,
And therefore in hot blood shall do it best.
If once we cool, their surer discipline
Will soon prevail against our new-rais'd force.
The hearts of all our soldiers now are set
On fierce encountring, all their rage inflam'd ;
There's nothing wanting but to draw their swords,
And down goes tyranny, to rise no more.
Can we sit still, and pause with such a thought ?
So near a glorious deed there's no repose :
Impatience makes unquiet expectation,
And eager nature can allow no rest.

CASSIUS.

You shall prevail ; we'll let 'em but refresh,
And then we'll charge the foe.

BRUTUS.

Let us embrace ; and, oh ! my dearest brother,
This quarrel shall but make us better friends.

Fourth

Fourth CHORUS.

Of Roman Soldiers.

OUR vows thus chearfully we sing,
While martial music fires our blood :
Let all the neighb'ring echoes ring
With clamours for our country's good :
And, for reward, of the just gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

May *Rome* be freed from war's alarms,
And taxes heavy to be borne ;
May she beware of foreign arms,
And send them back with noble scorn.
And, for reward, &c.

May she no more confide in friends,
Who nothing farther understood,
Than only, for their private ends,
To waste her wealth, and spill her blood.
And, for reward, &c.

Our senators; great Jove, restrain
From private piques, they prudence call ;
From the low thoughts of little gain,
And hazarding the losing all.
And, for reward, &c.

The shining arms with haste prepare,
 Then to the glorious combat fly ;
 Our minds unclogg'd with farther care,
 Except to overcome or die.
 And, for reward, &c.

They fight, oppression to increase ;
 We, for our liberties and laws ;
 It were a sin to doubt success,
 When freedom is the noble cause.
 And, for reward, of the just gods we claim
 A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Field of Philippi.

BRUTUS, CASSIUS, LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS,
with other officers, at the head of their
army.

Enter VARIUS hastily.

VARIUS.

Propitious stars favour our cause already.
 Behold ! a heedless party of OCTAVIUS,
 Hast'ning too fast, is fall'n within our ambush ;
 And we may cut them off without defence.

CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

Fall on 'em instantly.

BRUTUS.

Hold, CASSIUS, hold,
And spare your fellow-citizens at mercy.

CASSIUS.

The death of these will make the day our own.

BRUTUS.

'Twill rather make the rest more desperate.
Consider, CASSIUS, they are *Romans* all.

CASSIUS.

So much the worse, fighting against their country.

BRUTUS.

Alas ! they do but follow wicked leaders,
And are our countrymen, with all their faults ;
Kindred, nay friends, perhaps, to thee or me.

CASSIUS.

Thy tender nature will undo us all.

BRUTUS.

Good CASSIUS, let me over-rule in this,
And you in all things else shall govern me.
Order our soldiers not to kill a man, [*To LUCILIUS.*
But seize them gently, as your future friends.
Oh ! CASSIUS, what a pleasure 'tis to save
Romans from falling in a shameful cause !

CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

I can no longer contradict my BRUTUS,
Your mercy is so moving ; yet I own
This battle never was approv'd by me :
For I would ne'er have ventur'd at one blow
So great a stake as all our liberties ;
But rather have prolong'd th' important war.
I use to slight presages ; but of late,
My mind, I know not how, foreboding ill,
Spite of my reason, feels a drooping sadness,
And by its gloomy light foresees misfortune.

BRUTUS.

In such a cause it were a fault to fear ;
Else, CASSIUS, I might have some fancies too.
For CÆSAR's ghost appear'd to me last night,
At all his gaping wounds breathing revenge ;
And when I would have reason'd with it, vanish'd.

CASSIUS.

Alas ! good BRUTUS, what can be in that,
But an effect of melancholy fumes ?
A dark and dismal picture lively drawn
By dreaming fancy, tho' we think we wake ?
Our sect believes no spirits ; if there be,
At least, if they are such as PLATO fancies,
Those purer beings, who behold our cause,
Those demi-gods will sure encourage virtue,
And give their fellow-creatures just assistance.

Thus

Thus, in the midst of slaughter we shall find
Ten thousand airy legions on our side,
Sent to our aid, as heav'n's auxiliaries.

*Enter LUCILIUS, with an officer of the other
army.*

LUCILIUS.

My lord, your gen'rous orders were obey'd,
And see the just success! this worthy tribune,
Won by your mercy to those other soldiers,
Is come to join us with a valiant band,
Hoping they never will be foes to BRUTUS.

OFFICER.

Such virtue needs no army to support it ;
It vanquishes beyond the reach of force,
And makes our very minds yield due submission.

BRUTUS.

Submission only should be paid to heav'n,
And I must blush to hear it from a *Roman*.
We scarce have in this little span of life
Sufficient time for exercise of virtue ;
We should do ill to lose the least occasion.
Let all his cohort charge with our chief legion.
Such a desertion is a timely service.

OFFICER.

Your approbation is our highest aim :
And this day we'll deserve it.

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

'Tis not doubted :

Your country's freedom will excite your valour.

Let him have rank among our chief commanders.

[Exit Officer with VARIUS and TITINIUS.]

S C E N E II.

Manent CASSIUS and BRUTUS;

CASSIUS.

The fight is well begun, most noble BRUTUS :

And may the rest be still so favourable,

That we may lengthen out our lives to age,

In all the peaceful joys of love and friendship.

But, since the chance of war is most uncertain,

'Tis wisdom to provide against the worst :

Which is, our parting, if we lose the battle,

Never to meet again : in such a case

What is my dearest friend resolv'd to do ?

BRUTUS.

I am, alas ! so weary of a world,

All full of faults and follies, I would leave it :

But that to me it seems a want of spirit

To shrink from life for fear of future ill.

'Tis to distrust the justice of the gods,

Or else their pow'r ; and is, in my opinion,

Not

Not courage, but a bold disguise for fear.
With patience arm'd, I'll bear the blows of fortune.

CASSIUS.

Then, dearest BRUTUS, you can be content
To wear a chain; nay, what is yet much worse,
To see great *Rome* as much a slave as you?

BRUTUS.

O never, never come that fatal day!
The very sound offends. Oh! you have nam'd
The only thing, ye gods! I cannot bear.
When e'er ye send that summons, 'tis my last.
And therefore, lest we ne'er should meet again,
Here let us take our everlasting leave.

CASSIUS.

For ever, and for ever, farewell, BRUTUS!
After this famous day we shall be victors,
Or else beyond the sense of being vanquish'd.

BRUTUS.

For ever, and for ever, farewell, CASSIUS!
'Twill be with pleasure if we meet hereafter.
If not, this parting is our greatest pain.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Just as CASSIUS is going off, enter TITINIUS
hastily, and stops him.*

TITINIUS.

The army of MARC ANTONY appears,
Fearless, and forward to attempt your camp.

CASSIUS.

Sure, 'tis impossible : tho' brave to rashness,
He is a foldier of too great experience ;
I cannot hope for such a fault in him.
'Tis safer to bestride the angry ocean,
Than offer to assault a *Roman* camp.
We'll soon correct this insolent ANTONIUS,
And crush the bold attempt. [Exit CASSIUS.

A Charge is sounded.

*Re-enter CASSIUS, with TITINIUS, PINDARUS
and other Officers.*

CASSIUS.

Their prosp'rous rashness terrifies our men,
Who never fear'd before : I doubt all's lost ;
The liberty of *Rome* is gone for ever.
I'll perish with it, or redeem the day.
TITINIUS, oh ! make haste, fly tow'rd those troops ;
Discover quickly if they are our friends.

[Exit TITINIUS.

Go,

Go, PINDARUS, get on the rising ground,
(My fight, thou know'st, is short) and take a view
Quite round the field.

PINDARUS *goes up the hill, then calls to* CASSIUS.

PINDARUS.

Hoa, my good lord !

CASSIUS.

What now ?

PINDARUS.

TITINIUS is seiz'd on by the foe.

CASSIUS.

Oh, he is taken, and they shout for joy.

[CASSIUS *goes also to view.*

Come down, come down ;

Oh, I have liv'd to see my best friend lost !

And by own procurement ! PINDARUS,

I took thee pris'ner once, and spar'd thy life ;

All the return I ask, is, now take mine.

[PINDARUS *turns away weeping.*

I am thy general, and master too ;

Yet I have us'd thee as becomes a friend :

A friend will not deny my last request.

Kill me with this ; with this I slew the tyrant.

[CASSIUS *presents him his dagger.*

PINDARUS,

Is there necessity ?

CASSIUS,

CASSIUS.

Thou see'st there is.

Dispatch it quickly, while I turn my face.

PINDARUS.

Then farewell, worthy CASSIUS.

[PINDARUS kills himself.]

CASSIUS.

What, gone before me? Did I need example?

For shame now CASSIUS, do thy own last work;

PINDARUS leads the honourable way.

[Falls on his sword.]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter TITINIUS, meeting one of CASSIUS's
Officers just entering at the other door.*

TITINIUS.

BRUTUS with chearful news greets CAIUS CASSIUS;
And, having broke the forces of OCTAVIUS,
Is hasting hither to relieve his friend.

OFFICER.

Alas! he comes too late, see there lies CASSIUS!

Enter BRUTUS with Officers.

BRUTUS.

Is CASSIUS on the ground? O my dear friend!

[Runs to CASSIUS.]

I came to fill thy ears with pleasing news;

But such a sight has turn'd my joy to grief.

CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

What ! has my feeble hand made me be taken ?

Is CASSIUS to become the scorn of ANTONY ?

[Rising a little, believing it to be ANTONY.]

BRUTUS.

Rather the grief of ev'ry worthy *Roman*.

What cursed hand has slain my dearest friend ?

CASSIUS.

What do I hear, and see ? Is BRUTUS there ?

A pris'ner too ?

BRUTUS.

The gods forbid that, CASSIUS !

Look up and see thy mournful friend victorious.

CASSIUS.

Have you then sav'd the liberty of *Rome* ?

I ask no more, and die with full content.

But yet I leave my JUNIA behind :

Oh, still be tender of that best of women !

In being kind to her, remember me.

[Dies in his arms.]

BRUTUS.

Remember thee ! who can forget thy worth ?

With a dead friend, disputes are all forgot,

And what is tender takes up all the mind ;

Grief only thinks on that which most promotes it :

[Turns to his officers.]

And oh ! I long to give my sorrow vent ;

Y

But

But our dear country now claims all my care.
 Summon our soldiers, that I may with praise
 Keep up that spirit which has fir'd their souls.

Enter a confused multitude of soldiers:

Hail, fellow-soldiers, worthy of that cause
 For which you fight so well. Your actions past
 Urge you to more: be your own great example.
 On far unequal terms these armies meet;
 They fight to make ambition tyranny,
 And themselves slaves; their vict'ry is their ruin.
 But if for this one day you can submit
 To one who but commands you for your sakes;
 (Now proud to lead, while you are pleas'd to follow)
 You ev'ry one shall be a conqueror,
 And equal to your general, who seeks
 No other triumph but his country's freedom.
 End but that work, and then to foreign wars.
 There's no man here, but may by merit hope
 To lead an army, and have me his soldier.

Acclamations of applaus.

Let prodigal ANTONIUS promise treasures,
 Wrench'd from hard hands of wretched lab'ring
 swains,
 Who lift them up to heav'n to call down vengeance.
 I can out-bid him, spite of all his riches:

Hark

Hark to the pleasing sound ! 'tis liberty !
That only nam'd, I need to say no more.
[*Exeunt soldiers shouting.*]

SCENE V.

A trumpet sounds mournfully.

BRUTUS.

Silence those dismal notes of CASSIUS' death ;
There is no need of sounds to raise true sorrow ;
And it will cheer the foe to hear us mourn.
Oh CASSIUS ! what a loss art thou to Rome !
[*Stooping down to the dead body.*]

Trumpet sounds again mournful. Enter VARIUS.

VARIUS.

'Tis with a trembling hand I shew these letters ;
Your grief for CASSIUS, will, alas ! be lost :
Like rivers in the ocean, swallow'd up
In sadder news.

BRUTUS.

Speak, is my PORTIA well ?
What ! make no answer ? then 'tis so indeed.
In saying nothing, thou hast told me all.

VARIUS.

Here is the sad account.

[*Holds the letter to BRUTUS.*]

Y 2

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

Oh, read it, read it.

VARIUS.

“ VARIUS, I must unwillingly inform you,

[*Reading.*

“ That PORTIA, grieving for her husband’s absence,

“ Had mourn’d herself into a raging fever ;

“ In which, because she fancy’d he was dead,

“ She (none suspecting) swallow’d burning coals,

“ So dy’d with mournful clamours for her BRUTUS.”

BRUTUS.

Enough, enough. O ye immortal gods !

I’ll not complain of you, but of myself ;

For sure I am the very worst of men,

Since you think fit to make me the most wretched.

How all my tears are on a sudden stopt !

Something I feel within, that weighs me down ;

And I must sink.

VARIUS.

Good Sir, be comforted.

BRUTUS.

Oh never, never.

Had’st thou beheld her with my weeping eyes,

When tenderly we took our latest leave ;

How her love pleaded, and her beauty mov’d ;

When, all dissolv’d in grief, her mournful looks

She fix’d on mine ! Oh never talk of comfort.

Comfort !

Comfort ! dear PORTIA, if ever I seek it,
May then——alas ! I cannot curse myself,
Heav'n knows, I am already so unhappy.

Enter LUCILIUS hastily.

LUCILIUS.

The enemy once more is coming on :
ANTONY leads them out of CASSIUS' camp,
And gathers, as he goes, the large remains
Of the new-routed army of OCTAVIUS.
I'll do my best to stop them in their march.

BRUTUS.

ANTONIUS, and his army ! alas ! VARIUS ;
What's that, or victory itself, to me ?

VARIUS.

But yet our country should not be forgotten.

BRUTUS.

Oh ! no : I'll bear about this heavy heart :
Yet, when I struggle most, it weighs me down.

VARIUS.

But where is, Sir, your wonted resolution ?

BRUTUS.

Gone, VARIUS, gone for ever with my PORTIA.

VARIUS.

Then, farewell all the liberty of *Rome* !

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

The liberty of *Rome* ! The thought of that
 Has rous'd me up—yet one sigh more for *PORTIA*—
Rome yet shall have my cares : but oh ! my friend,
 May this be the last battle among *Romans* !
 It grieves my soul to see this civil slaughter.
 Fain I would live to leave my country free,
 And with my dying eyes behold her prosper.
 Else I have done too much ; and *CÆSAR*'s death
 Too sharp a med'cine, if it does not cure.
 'Twas cutting off a limb ev'n from myself,
 And, oh ! I now begin to feel the maim.
 But 'tis too late, and we must now look forwards—
 Command our men to spread on both the wings,
 Lest they encompass us with greater numbers :
 The troops we routed of *OCTAVIUS*
 Will hardly have the heart to rally more. [*Exeunt.*

*After they have sounded a battle for some time,
 enter LUCILIUS and another officer.*

LUCILIUS.

All's lost ! ambition triumphs over virtue.

OFFICER.

'Tis not our fault, but fate's : did we not charge
 With fierceness fit to fight for all the world ?
 First, all our darts we flung away despis'd,
 Uncertain weapons of remoter war,
 And rush'd on nearer with a surer sword ;

As

As if each common soldier were a BRUTUS,
Rome at their hearts, and glory in their minds.

LUCILIUS.

But what is valour, when so overmatch'd
By elder troops, and much superior numbers?
Yet no one yielded, while ten thousand dy'd;
Each call'd for death as fast as e'er he fell,
And still by ill-tim'd pity was refus'd,
We only fought to die, and they to save us:
Which BRUTUS then perceiving, left the field,
And fled not from their fury, but their mercy.

Enter VENTIDIUS with a company of soldiers.

VENTIDIUS.

Pursue them close, and on your lives spare BRUTUS.

LUCILIUS.

Stop then your chase, and lead me to ANTONIUS.
I might have 'scap'd, but BRUTUS scorns to fly.

SOLDIER.

He's taken, he is taken.

*[They give a great shout, and carry out LUCILIUS,
whom they suppose to be BRUTUS.]*

[Exeunt omnes.]

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

Enter BRUTUS, and TITINIUS, with some officers.

BRUTUS.

Ye worthy few, who with unusual faith
Quit not a friend whom fortune has forsaken ;
Rest your tir'd bodies on this bank a while :
Where like a shipwreck'd merchant I appear,
Gath'ring the dear remains of my lost fortunes.

OFFICER.

Oh, who can judge the councils of the gods ?

[They all sit down.]

Behold, the best of men is made a prey
To boundless wildness, and unjust ambition.

BRUTUS.

That wild ambition but too often prospers :
Yet sure the gods know better far than we,
How to dispose the ruling of mankind.
If they will have (which yet seems wondrous strange)
Injustice to succeed, and virtue suffer ;
Our part is only to submit with rev'rence.
'Tis time, 'tis time that *Rome* should be at rest.

[He whispers each of them.]

FIRST OFFICER.

Not for the world.

SECOND

SECOND OFFICER.

The mighty gods forbid !

THIRD OFFICER.

May my hand wither first !

FIRST OFFICER.

What did he whisper ?

THIRD OFFICER.

He earnestly intreated me to kill him.

FIRST OFFICER.

He mov'd the same to me.

TITINIUS.

How is that noble soul o'erwhelm'd with anguish,
Not for his own, but for his country's ruin !

BRUTUS.

Romans, for shame shew not such childish pity,
Think you I am so fond of painful life,

[*He rises hastily.*

That my faint hand should tremble at my cure ?
Why then refuse to do this last good office,
Which I, for want of friends, must do myself ?
Nay, if my life could yet but serve my country,
Tho' rack'd with griefs, the very hopes of that
Would, like strong cordials, force me to endure it,
But lawless empire rules ! what then remains
But death, or, worse than death, ignoble bondage ?
Which if my soul can ne'er submit to bear,

Z

Pardon

Pardon, good heav'n, my not enduring life
 On such a hard condition !—Sacred virtue !
 Thou deity that all the good adore !
 Why hast thou cast me off, and giv'n success
 To thy own foes, and mine ? I follow'd thee
 Ev'n thro' the blood of CÆSAR, whom I lov'd,
 And who lov'd me. Ye pow'rs immortal ! know
 With what a heavy heart, and troubled mind,
 I help'd my country by so harsh a means :
 But I most gladly make thee this amends—

[CÆSAR's ghost appears and vanishes.]

Oh CÆSAR, CÆSAR ! therefore rest appeas'd ;
 I did not kill thee half so willingly. [Kills himself.]

Enter ANTONY, DOLABELLA, VENTIDIUS, &c.

ANTONY.

The blow is giv'n, and we are come too late.

[A great shout of soldiers bringing in LUCILIUS.]

SOLDIER.

Rewards, and triumph ! we have brought you

BRUTUS.

LUCILIUS.

No, ANTONY : the gods forbid that BRUTUS
 Should ever be a pris'ner ! by assuming
 His name, I here have stopp'd their hot pursuit.

ANTONY.

This is not BRUTUS, but a worthy prize :
 For you have brought a friend, and not a foe.

Youth,

Youth, I admire thy virtue ; be to me,
As thou hast been to him who now lies there.

[LUCILIUS starts, sees the body of BRUTUS,
and kneels down by it.

Oh BRUTUS, I am robb'd of half my triumph ;
To thy most gen'rous soul I ow'd my life,
And fain I would have taken kind revenge ;
For, 'tis a debt lies heavy on me now.
Rise, worthy *Roman*, do not mourn in vain.

[LUCILIUS rises.

LUCILIUS.

Yield all ye heroes of immortal name,
Whose shining mischiefs only raise your fame :
If public virtue well be understood,
Here lies the greatest man that e'er was good.

DOLABELLA.

Yet the just gods a righteous judgment send ;
He lov'd his country, but he kill'd his friend.

The End of the first VOLUME.

Y
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